

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

September 15, 1950

Ten Cents

IS THERE A MIRACLE AT UPTERGROVE?

Doctors can't explain this farm woman's strange wounds, which have bled every Friday for 10 years





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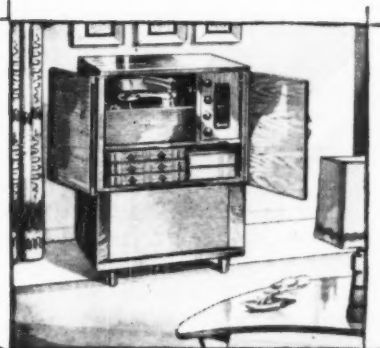


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EDITORIALS

The Nehru Case Shows Up One of Our Bad Habits

THE democratic bloc of the United Nations was both shocked and dismayed when India broke ranks to join Russia and her satellites in the struggle for recognition between Communist and Nationalist China. Regardless of the reasons behind it, Pandit Nehru's decision to support the Red government of Mao Tse-tung could scarcely have come at a worse time. Nehru saw it—quite honestly we are certain—as a case for self-determination. His action made it easier for the Russian propagandists to sell India's stand to the Asiatic peoples as the case for Communism.

But decry Nehru's action as much as we will—shake our heads as we may over its effect on his politically inexperienced countrymen and neighbors—we in the Western democracies are not quite in a perfect position to chide him. Nehru does not seem to have realized how easy it would be for the Kremlin to make it appear that, in paralleling the Communist Party line in one particular, he was really *following* it. We ourselves have magnified the propaganda effect of his action by our own failures to distinguish between paralleling and following.

We have always been much too quick to suspect and condemn the motives of honest democrats who, for what seems to them to be honest democratic reasons, arrive at certain beliefs which the Communist arrives at for other reasons. We have been far too prone to see Red

every time a politician, a labor leader or a leftish private citizen expresses a view that coincides with or fails to dispute a Communist view on the same question.

Senator McCarthy, relying heavily on this kind of risky reasoning, recently brought sweeping and unsuccessful charges in Washington against Owen Lattimore, whom he accused at one point of being "the top Russian espionage agent in the United States." Similarly, he failed to prove that Philip C. Jessup, ambassador-at-large, had "an unusual affinity for Communist causes."

In Canada we have been relatively free of unbridled witch-hunting of this kind. But we haven't always understood that, in some matters, the same view one man holds because he is a Communist can be held by another man in spite of the fact that he is an anti-Communist.

It is at least partly the fault of the West that the Russians are able to make such good and dangerous use of India's recent stand in the United Nations. What right have we to be surprised if the unenlightened Malayan, Korean or Indian decides that Nehru, having voted with the Communists on one important point, probably sympathizes with them in fundamentals? We ourselves have used the same kind of logic too often to be astonished when others use it.

Shaping the Future, One Night a Week

A FRIEND of ours was recently asked to run for school board in the small town where he has lived since he came back from overseas. When he came to us for advice we referred him to a man we know of who had been active in community work and civic politics for many years.

We sat in on their meeting expecting to hear pretty hardheaded counsel measured in part at least by the somewhat cynical but well-used rule which shows you what's in it for you.

What we heard was hardheaded enough but not the way we had expected. We listened with new regard for our grass-roots committeemen and women, with new respect for so-called small-time politicians.

He said: "The way I look at it I can either sit around and worry every time the news gets worse or I can do something about it. There was a time when I didn't see anything I could do about it.

"Then one day after I had been asked to sit on a committee raising funds for a rink in our district I decided that there was something

I could do. I obviously couldn't do anything about the H-bomb but I could do something about getting that rink for the kids on our street.

"That was the beginning. I moved from that job to another where I led a discussion group one night a week in a boys' club. I started a hobby class at the same club.

"I give one night a week to the community in which I live. I feel I owe it to my town and, in the big view, to my country. I ran for council one year and won. I served two terms and then quit. Not because some people said I did it for business reasons, either. There are always people who will talk like that. I quit because I felt it was time some other fellows took over. Besides, I had no ambition to go on in politics. I went back to my hobby classes.

"I'm still concerned about the mess we're in—you'd have to be stupid or blind not to be—but I don't worry as much. Perhaps this is because I don't feel so frustrated.

"I feel I'm doing something about it, even if it's only one night a week."

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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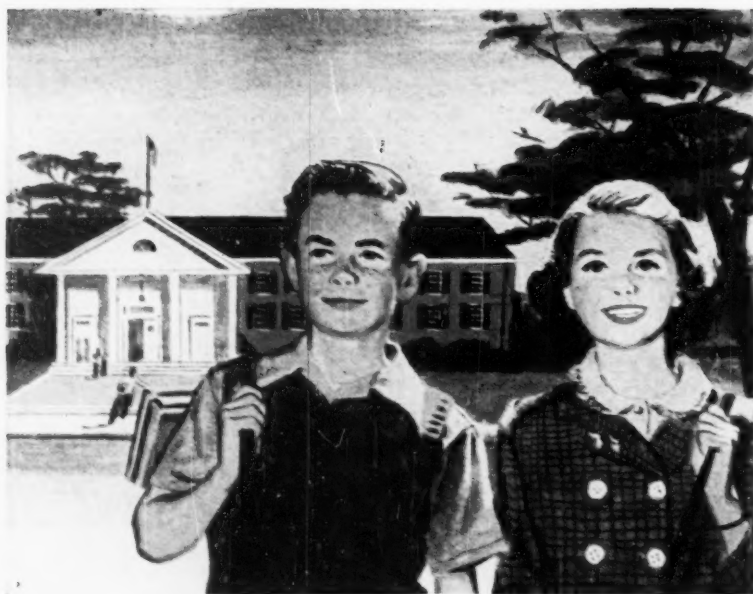
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FOR A HEALTHIER, SAFER SCHOOL YEAR

Over two million Canadian children will return to school this fall. A quarter of a million other boys and girls will enter for the first time. Good health is important to the school progress of them all. So each child should have a health examination by his doctor and dentist before school opens, if school authorities do not provide such check-ups.

Medical and Dental Examinations. Recent studies show that many children have defects that may interfere with their school progress — such as eye and ear impairments and dental disorders. These and other conditions may exist for some time before being suspected by parents. Your doctor and dentist can usually detect them early and prescribe proper treatment. *If defects are discovered, they should be corrected promptly.*

Protection Against Disease. Since 1900 there has been a reduction of more than 90 percent in mortality from the common childhood diseases, due largely to immunization. Even if your child has already been immunized, your doctor may recommend additional inoculations when the child enters school.

Good Health Habits. According to a recent survey, colds cause about one half of all school absences due to sickness. Doctors believe that children who are well nourished and who get plenty of sleep, rest, relaxation and exercise are less likely to be troubled by colds

and their complications. These good health habits may also help make the child more resistant to other illnesses.

Good Safety Habits. Accidents outrank every other cause of death among school-age children. According to safety statistics, one out of four accidental deaths in the 5 to 14 year age group was the result of a motor vehicle accident. Many of these fatal accidents occurred on the way to or from school. So, safety authorities recommend that all children learn and observe these precautions:

1. Cross streets only at crossings
2. Obey traffic signals
3. Look both ways before stepping into the street
4. Face traffic when it is necessary to walk on a road

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BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Wartime Taxes? Not Yet

By BLAIR FRASER

Maclean's Ottawa Editor



WAR or no war the Government has not yet abandoned the idea of a universal old-age pension without means test, as recommended by the parliamentary committee in June.

Naturally, that doesn't mean the pension scheme will go through regardless of world events. It does mean that the Korean crisis alone did not change the Government's mind. As far as reporters can learn the question hasn't even been discussed in Cabinet, but Prime Minister St. Laurent and Welfare Minister Paul Martin both believe that the project should go forward.

It would not, of course, be put before a fall session of parliament. Such a session, called for emergency purposes, could not be expected to deal with a major item in domestic affairs. Besides, it would be too soon. January would be the earliest feasible date for a pension bill.

Old-age pensions cannot be enacted before the federal-provincial conference scheduled for October. St. Laurent and Martin both think a universal scheme would require constitutional amendment and that's the assumption Cabinet will act upon though some lawyers disagree. In any case, the existing old-age pension scheme cannot be discontinued without provincial consent, except with 10 years' notice.

Moreover, old-age pensions are the Federal Government's principal bait for its over-all tax agreement.

Provinces are to be asked, now as in 1945, to give up their rights over income and corporation taxes and succession duties. In return they'll be offered the "rental" payments plus certain other benefits of which the pension scheme is by far the biggest and most attractive.

Any province, therefore, will be in a position to veto the whole idea. That's one reason the Federal Government is so anxious to go ahead, regardless of the defense expenditures now contemplated. If the universal pension doesn't go through, Ottawa wants to make sure that the responsibility is shared by the provinces.

ANOTHER reason for going ahead is that, to some extent at least, the Government's word is pledged to the pension scheme.

When the parliamentary committee turned in a unanimous report it was evident that there'd been a compromise. The CCF was bound by previous statements to hold out for \$50 at 65; PC's were similarly committed to a contributory system on the insurance principle. The unanimous report called for \$40 at 70 under a universal pay-as-you-go scheme financed by taxes.

From the beginning, of course, both Opposition parties had been willing to settle for half a loaf but only on condition they got the half loaf. If this report were just another stuffing for pigeonholes they wanted to write their own.

They were assured that the committee's *Continued on page 66*



Pensions for all are almost certain — unless a world war steps in



IN MALAYA British troops have been fighting Communist rebels two years.

LONDON LETTER by BEVERLEY BAXTER

Britain's Got a War in Asia, Too

IF I KEPT a diary, which I never have done, I would write in it for today: "The sun is shining and there is not a cloud in the sky." Then if I had the energy I would fill in headlines from the front pages of this morning's newspapers:

EXPERTS WORKING ON ATOM SHELTERS
NAVY SABOTEURS HUNTED
PEACE MEETING HOWLS AT CANON COLLINS
CHURCHILL DEMANDS SECRET SESSION
U. S. TROOPS FIGHT AGAINST TRAP
U. S. A. ORDERS 5,000 PLANES, MORE WARSHIPS

Among my letters this morning is one from the Russian Embassy asking me to visit that pleasant mansion tomorrow between 6 and 8 p.m. to meet Ilya Ehrenburg, the famous Russian journalist and broadcaster, whose voice rang out from Stalin-grad in 1941 with the words: "Death to the invader!" There is nothing personal in the invitation, just a printed intimation that if I turn up I can have Ehrenburg and sherry. I must be on the political or journalistic list at the embassy.

In the Daily Mail today there is a dispatch from its New York correspondent, Don Iddon, saying that American resentment against Britain is rising. Why are the British leaving the whole Korean business to the Yanks? I gather that once more our cousins are twisting the lion's tail.

By an unfortunate coincidence the raging Broadway success, "Mister Roberts," has opened at the Coliseum and is fiercely bombarded by the dramatic critics. Why, ask the critics, does America at this juncture send us a play which depicts American sailors as sex-starved undisciplined neurotics? The author, Joshua Logan, came to my house for lunch and seemed utterly bewildered by the hammering he had received. "The play was intended to be larger

than life," he said. "Broadway took it all as a joke, so did the U. S. Navy. Why do you treat it as a serious sociological study? And why are you so frightened of sex?"

Everywhere we turn, America is in the news. Oscar Wilde said that youth was America's oldest tradition; and now that tradition is gone. The United States has come of age and its people are startled and a little hurt that they are expected to act like grown-ups all at once.

We used to condemn the American policy of isolationism which still commands the support of that journalistic Brontosaurus, Colonel McCormick, but America was created by isolationists. The republic was founded and developed by men whose roots were in the Old World but who had ventured across the sea to escape from poverty or persecution or the curse of war. Protected by two oceans, rich in the wealth of the soil, vibrant with the thrill of creating cities where once animals roamed the plains — is it any wonder that America was to them not only their country but their world?

That is why the decision of President Truman to intervene in Korea was one of the great moments in history, perhaps the greatest moment in a hundred years. Not only does the Statue of Liberty hold out the light for the incoming emigrants from the Old World but it is signaling across the seas that America is leading the march in the battle for human liberty.

My mind goes back to a winter day in Washington three years ago. The U. S. Ambassador to Britain, Lewis Douglas, had arranged that I should see President Truman, and I was curious to meet the little man from Missouri who had been pitchforked into the presidency by the

Continued on page 42

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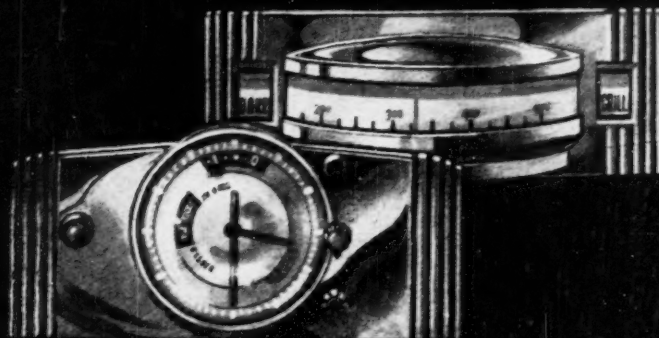
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A humble farmer's wife in a small Ontario village for 10 years has borne in comparative secrecy wounds similar to those suffered by Jesus on Calvary. Doctors of many faiths have looked for deception in vain; the Roman Catholic Church, though vitally interested, says nothing. Many of her neighbors ask — is there

A MIRACLE AT UPTERGROVE?

BY FRANK HAMILTON

IN THE little Ontario village of Uptergrove, between Lakes Simcoe and Couchiching, 86 miles north of Toronto, there lives a simple countrywoman who may soon become a focus of world attention. She has what are known as the stigmata—defined by Webster as “marks resembling the wounds on the crucified body of Christ, believed to have been supernaturally impressed.” Although the scores of doctors, theologians and laymen who have studied the strange marks on her body do not agree that they are of supernatural origin—and many are sceptical on this point—they do agree unanimously that the wounds exist. No one has yet advanced a firm or final medical explanation for them.

The woman's name is Mrs. Donald McIsaac. She is the part-Indian wife of an Uptergrove farmer; she is 48; she has borne eight children, six of whom are living.

For 10 years now, matronly Mrs. McIsaac has had wounds in her hands, feet, left side, head, back, and right shoulder. Six days a week she is much like any other country housewife. The wounds are visible, but dry. There is no pain.

On Friday evenings, between 6 and 9, she suffers ecstatic agonies so great that men have fainted at the sight. During these hours the wounds bleed.

Mrs. McIsaac is a member of the Roman Catholic Church which believes that, in certain cases, the stigmata can have a supernatural source. Although the church has known of the McIsaac case almost since its inception it has shielded her from the public limelight. Nevertheless, her fame has quietly spread by word of mouth to many corners of the globe.

Already she has been visited by several thousand pilgrims, including cardinals, bishops and priests from Canada, the U. S., South

America and Europe, many of whom have said mass for her in her room.

According to Dr. A. Imbert-Gourbeyre, of Paris, the leading lay authority on the stigmata, there have been at least 321 authentic cases of the stigmata in the past 725 years, of whom none were North Americans.

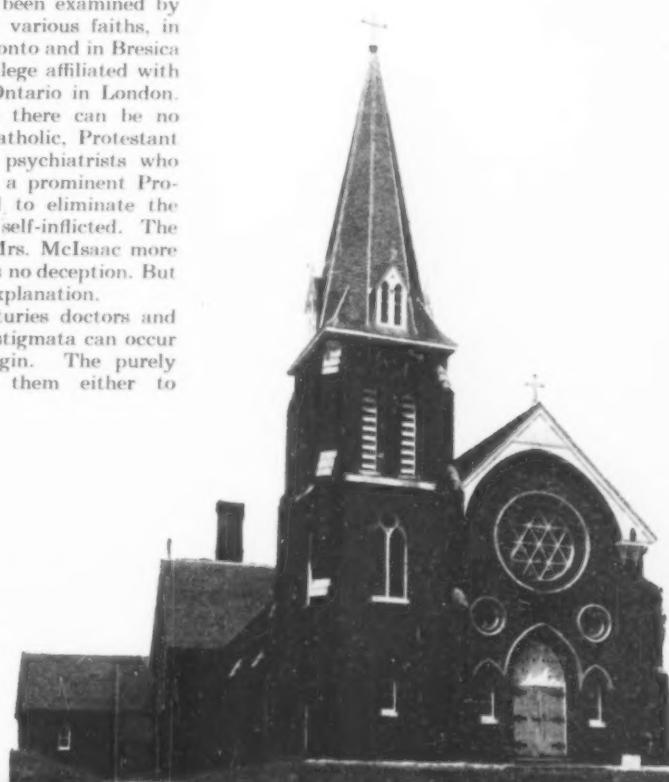
In the past seven years James Charles Cardinal McGuigan, Archbishop of Toronto, has seen Mrs. McIsaac many times. Two years ago Bernard Cardinal Griffin, Archbishop of Westminster, journeyed from England to visit her. The Very Rev. J. M. Clair, Dean of Barrie, drives more than 30 miles every Friday evening to be at her bedside during the three-hour agony. An Italian bishop brought her a rosary blessed by Pope Pius XII. And at this writing Mrs. McIsaac was preparing to leave for Rome where she was to be received in audience by his Holiness.

The Uptergrove phenomenon has also been witnessed by Canadian and U. S. medical experts. Mrs. McIsaac has been examined by special boards of doctors of various faiths, in St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto and in Brescia Hall, a Catholic women's college affiliated with the University of Western Ontario in London.

Of the wounds' existence there can be no doubt. I talked with 23 Catholic, Protestant and Jewish physicians and psychiatrists who have seen them. Only one, a prominent Protestant gynecologist, refused to eliminate the possibility that they may be self-inflicted. The others, who have observed Mrs. McIsaac more closely, are convinced there is no deception. But all believe there is a natural explanation.

For more than seven centuries doctors and clerics have known that the stigmata can occur and have debated their origin. The purely medical theories attribute them either to

It was the priest of the Uptergrove church who, in 1940, was first convinced about the stigmata.





MRS. DONALD McISAAC, of Uptergrove, Ont. Will history grant her recognition as a true stigmatist? In the meantime she does her own housework and cares for her six children.

physical causes (possibly an unknown disease; possibly self-inflicted wounds) or to mental causes (perhaps religious hysteria). One Catholic specialist told me that as a doctor he was sure there must be a natural explanation but that as a Christian he, for one, would not rule out the possibility of a supernatural explanation.

Within the Roman Catholic Church opinions also differ. Like the doctors, some priests feel there is a natural cause. Some suggest the wounds may be either of divine or diabolical origin—both possibilities conform with church teachings on mysticism. However, many Catholics who have seen Mrs. McIsaac believe that her stigmata come from God.

Officially, the Catholic Church makes no such claim. It does not say these stigmata are of supernatural origin, nor does it say they are not. No one is asked to believe anything about it. This is standard church policy in such matters. None of the thousands who are today honored by the Roman Catholic Church as saints, miracle workers, or stigmatists were ever officially recognized as such by the church during their lifetimes.

In a cautiously worded statement, handed me by

the Rt. Rev. Monsignor F. V. Allen, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Toronto, Cardinal McGuigan said:

The Church takes no official notice of any happenings such as those attributed to the McIsaac home in Uptergrove. The Church always treats such matters with great reserve. It is well known that many such manifestations may be explained by natural causes.

The Authority of the Diocese disapproves of the visits of priests and religious and people not connected with the family.

The official church approach to the McIsaac case is similar to its official attitude toward other similar cases. In the last 20 years, for example, more than half a million people have flocked to see the world-famous Bavarian stigmatist, Therese Neumann. Pope Pius XI sent her his blessing every day before he went to sleep and invited her to Rome (the Nazis stopped her). The present Pope visited her when, as Cardinal Pacelli, he was papal nuncio to Germany. Books have been written about her under the *nil obstat* and *imprimatur* (seals of approval) of the church. Yet Therese Neumann

has never been officially recognized by the church.

The Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Toronto has already investigated the Uptergrove phenomenon. It arranged the long examinations of Mrs. McIsaac at St. Michael's Hospital and Bresica Hall. The Catholic, Protestant and Jewish doctors on the boards agreed in advance to give the church signed statements about what occurred. These documents are in the church's files.

"The wounds are most peculiar," one Protestant medical specialist told me. "Those on the hands and feet are square. On the backs of the hands and on the insteps they are dark and slightly hard. On the palms and the soles they are somewhat smaller and rather reddish in color and are covered with a sort of transparent tissue. The wound in the left side is deep and shaped like a long narrow diamond. On the head under the hairline there are numerous small wounds, mostly circular in shape. On the back there are several crosswise reddish marks, rather like lash marks."

There is said to be another wound on Mrs. McIsaac's body which appears only during Holy Week, bleeds on Good Friday, and is healed by Easter. A Catholic general practitioner told me he had seen this wound on Good Friday. He described it as "an immense bleeding wound on the right shoulder"—the one on which Christ carried the cross.

When the church accepts stigmata it associates the marks with the wounds of Christ: those on the hands and feet representing the nails of the cross; those on the head, the crown of thorns; those on the back, the scourging at the pillar; and the one in the side, the spear thrust into the side after the crucifixion.

Stigmatists who have been accepted as such by the church have had in common the marks of one or more wounds. But they differed in the number of stigmata and in other aspects of their extraordinary state. According to Roman Catholic history St. Francis of Assisi, considered the church's first stigmatist, had, in wounds in his hands and feet, protuberances of flesh representing nails, those on one side having round black heads, those on the other having rather long points which bent back and grasped the skin.

With some stigmatists the marks of the wounds (but not the pain of them) have disappeared for a time, or permanently. According to the church they have done so at the request of the stigmatized person, who wished out of humility to escape the attention which visible stigmata almost invariably involve. This, the church says, was true of two stigmatized St. Catherines, of Siena and de Ricci, and others. Some have borne the marks of five wounds, but no others, while some have had only the marks of the crown of thorns.

Like Therese Neumann, Mrs. McIsaac is fully stigmatized, their wounds, according to some who have seen them both, being very similar.

Both these cases have been carefully studied by doctors. During the two periods (three weeks in 1945, two in 1946) of medical observation at St. Michael's Hospital and Bresica Hall, Mrs. McIsaac was not left alone for a single moment day or night. For this reason even her customary confession was foregone. The examining doctors made many tests. For example, blood smears were taken during the Friday agonies and compared with blood smears made on other days. Another test had to do with the time the agonies begin and end—invariably 6 and 9 p.m. In this test the time was surreptitiously advanced four and a half hours. Mrs. McIsaac had no clock or watch in her room and her daily schedule and meals were altered to give her the impression that it was later than it was. But the agonies still began at 6 and ended at 9 by the right time.

"Mrs. McIsaac was bright, lively, and full of energy right up until late Friday afternoon," a Protestant doctor, who took part in these examinations, told me. "During the early part of the week she was in very good health despite the marks. . . . Perfectly normal, except that she is fairly deaf and has weak eyes. . . . She talked easily and cheerfully. She talked a good deal about her religion.

in which she is obviously a devout believer, but she also talked of other things . . .

"On Friday afternoon the marks on her body began to lose their hardness, and toward 6 o'clock they appeared more like fresh wounds. It was apparent that she was beginning to feel pain . . . She appeared to lapse into a trance . . . Her pain seemed to intensify to agony . . . Then a minute drop of blood appeared at the hairline . . . Soon a drop of blood began to form at one of the foot wounds . . . Gradually the hands and the other wounds began to bleed. The wounds on the back bled only a few drops . . . The others bled a good deal . . . By 9 o'clock her face was covered in blood from the head wounds and her hair was matted with it . . .

"At times during this three-hour period she raised up to a sitting position . . . stretched her arms out in front of her . . . She did not respond to questions during the times when she was apparently in a coma . . . She was insensitive to the touch of a hand or to sudden noise . . .

"There were pauses during which the pain apparently subsided," the doctor continued. "During these lapses she answered questions and described what she said she had seen while in the comatose condition. Though her eyes were open a match or a hand passed in front of her eyes produced no reaction, no blinking . . . After each such pause the pain appeared to return more strongly . . . Her agony intensified and the bleeding increased until she seemed to lapse into complete unconsciousness . . .

"Toward 9 o'clock the flow of blood stopped, the pain seemed to go, and she appeared to sleep normally . . . Shortly after she awoke as though from a sound sleep . . . She remembered all that she had said during the pauses between the trance states and described in greater detail what she said she had seen and heard while in the comas . . . She seemed very tired. That night she slept well and on Saturday morning she appeared surprisingly fresh and youthful-looking, and in very good health."

Another Protestant doctor who was on the examining board told me he absolutely did not believe Mrs. McIsaac's stigmata were supernatural. But he said he could offer no certain medical explanation and gave several reasons why he was sure deception was impossible.

His reasons: Mrs. McIsaac was under constant supervision by experienced persons. A number of physicians observed the beginning of the flow of blood at close range. Microscopic tests certified that a real flow of blood occurred. Had it been induced by artificial means the regular flow of so much blood would have left a different kind of scar and there would have been some infection, of which there was no sign. And, finally, the wounds returned



FAMED STIGMATISTS, accepted by the Roman Catholic Church, are St. Francis of Assisi, believed to be the first; Therese Neumann, now 52, of Germany, the best known in the world.



much more quickly to their normal state than would have been thought medically probable.

The church investigates all cases like Mrs. McIsaac's during the person's lifetime, but makes no pronouncement until long—often hundreds of years—after the person's death. Many of the pre-18th century stigmatists have since been canonized.

In the past the church has always quickly exposed any stigmatists it considered to be fraudulent—as happened only last year in a case in Quebec. A church spokesman told me that there had been "at least 43" such cases on this continent in the past 20 years. All were publicly exposed by the church within a few months and Catholics were forbidden to visit them.

According to orthodox Roman Catholic teaching, St. Francis of Assisi, who received the wounds on Monte Alverno in 1224, was the first stigmatist. However, the apostle St. Paul described himself as one crucified with Christ and closed his letter to the Galatians with the statement that he bore the marks of Jesus on his body.

In 1894 Dr. Imbert-Gourbeyre published his book, "La Stigmatisation," in which he counted the true stigmatists at 321, 41 of whom were men.

Among the most widely known 19th century stigmatists were Germany's Anna Catherine Emmerich, Bavaria's Sister Maria Fidelis Weiss, Belgium's Louise Lateau, and Switzerland's Maria von Moerl. The biographers of the latter include Cardinal Wiseman and Lord Shrewsbury.

There are two internationally famous stigmatists living today—the 52-year-old Bavarian peasant woman, Therese Neumann, of Konnersreuth, Germany, who has had the marks since 1926, and the 62-year-old Capuchin monk, Padre Pio, of Foggia, Italy, who has borne them since 1918.

There are possibly other 20th century stigmatists as yet unknown to the public. There is some evidence that there is, or was, one in the U. S. It is known that the spiritual director of this unknown American mystic was the late Father Theophilus Riesinger, O.F.M. Cap., of the Capuchin Province of St. Joseph, which has its headquarters in Detroit.

Father Bernard Doyle, pastor of the Church of the Guardian Angels, in Orillia, Ont., which Mrs. McIsaac attends, told me that there is a stigmatist living today in Western Canada and another in Brazil. He also told me that there was one in New York in Cardinal Hayes' time. But these cases, if true, have never come to light.

In the McIsaac case Cardinal McGuigan ordered the rigid enforcement of a "no-publicity" ban when he took it under his personal supervision seven years ago. But, although the church disapproves of visits to the McIsaac home, it has not forbidden them.

Each year more and more people, from farther and farther away, beat a path to Mrs. McIsaac's door. Not all of them are admitted. Priests and religious (brothers and nuns) have little trouble getting in once they prove their identity. In one day recently there were 34 carloads of visitors. Thirteen of the autos carried U. S. licence plates, six had Ontario markers, and 15 were from other Canadian provinces, mostly Quebec. All but six contained only priests and religious.

For the past seven years it has been exceedingly difficult for lay persons to visit Mrs. McIsaac. All are first carefully investigated and screened by her family and spiritual advisers. Only those whose interest is of a purely religious nature are admitted. A Canadian member of parliament, an American millionaire and a member of a former ruling family of Europe were turned away. Several Protestant ministers were passed.

Most of the lay visitors, whether they come from Buenos Aires, Baltimore, or Beeton, Ont., are ordinary folk—businessmen, housewives, fishermen, farmers, factory hands. Special arrangements are made for doctors.

For 10 years Mrs. McIsaac has granted no interviews to the Press. But though I did not speak to her I interviewed many people who have. I talked with relatives, friends, neighbors, visitors, priests and doctors. For personal or professional reasons most requested that their names not be published.

An Illness for Catholics Only?

There is no known disease that can be said to cause stigmatization, but many doctors feel the stigmata are engendered by a rare and unknown disease of only occasional occurrence. One physician said: "We know a lot about cancer which we didn't know a few years ago. We still don't know all the causes. But we wouldn't even know what we do if there were not many cancer cases in the world. Stigmata cases are extremely rare and what ones there are are far apart, too far for any one doctor to make a thorough study of all. If we could get 100 cases together in one place at one time I think we would find the cause. But right now all we can do is guess."

Some doctors guess it is connected with the change of life in women. However, there have been at least 41 male stigmatists.

In the cases of stigmatization that it has accepted as such the Roman Catholic Church has ruled out a natural explanation. Many of these received the wounds while sick of various diseases and injuries, while others received them in good health. A church official observed: "There has never been a genuine case of stigmatization reported outside the Catholic Church. Can

Continued on page 39



THE McISAAC HOME. Curious and cranks are definitely not welcome; cardinals are.



JOHN STAFFORD, millionaire, at his 25-acre country place on Etobicoke Creek, near Toronto. In 1932 he literally didn't have a cent for carfare.

What It Feels Like To Be a MILLIONAIRE

This Canadian businessman says it feels fine. His recipe for making a million is a tough one to follow, though. Even when you get there you might find, as he did, that you have lost some good friends. And they're worth more than many millions



GRANDFATHER Stafford is proud father of year-old Howard by his second wife. He has two adult sons.

By J. H. STAFFORD
as told to THOMAS WALSH

LATE ONE raw, wet spring afternoon in 1932 I was driving down University Avenue in Toronto in my \$185 Jordan club coupé wondering how I was going to make some money. I had an invalid wife and two growing boys at home in my five-room flat. I had no job and I was broke. I don't mean I was down to 20 bucks, or 10 bucks, or 10 cents. I was broke—flat broke.

While I was thinking how broke I was I ran out of gas. I coasted to a stop, sat there for a minute watching the rain leak through the roof, then got out, hiked four blocks through the rain to the office where my sister worked, and borrowed \$2 to get home.

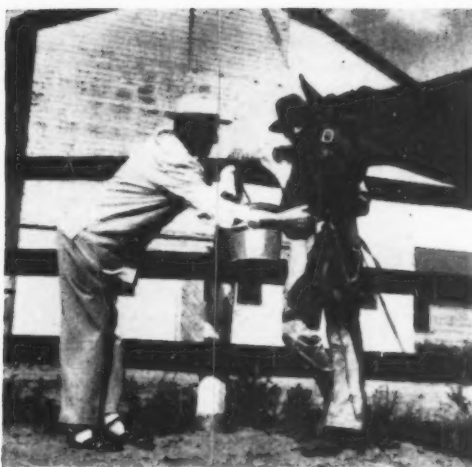
Today, if I gathered together all my money, put it in a valise and left for Tahiti I'd lug along more than a million dollars. I own several businesses, a 25-acre estate, three cars, and a stable of race horses. I winter in Florida, summer on Lake Huron, and if my pocket money gets below \$200 I feel short of change. I made \$1,500 yesterday that I didn't even know about until I read the papers—one of my horses won a purse.

Now and then somebody asks me what it feels like to be a millionaire. Personally, I like it—when I think of it. But I hardly ever think of it. I don't feel rich. I know the money's there, but I don't see it. It's tied up in book accounts, inventories, machinery, plants, property and investments.

For my personal expenses I need a million dollars about as much as a frog needs feathers. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't gamble. I've put on a few extra pounds, so I'm not even supposed to eat. What I do is spend half the day sitting at a desk doing about the same things that any other businessman does at his desk; the rest of the day I spend in a pair of old slacks and a sport shirt doing what any other businessman does when he's home. The only time I remember that I'm a millionaire is when somebody mentions it. Then I realize how wrong people can get about millionaires.

For one thing, people think a millionaire tosses money around like water. Maybe some do. I don't. A dollar is still a buck to me. I buy what I want, but I make sure I really want it, that I'm going to use it, and that I'm getting my money's worth. And if anyone tries to stick me double price because they figure the traffic can stand it they find that the old buyer hasn't softened up. I don't like getting stung.

But a millionaire *could* toss money around like water. It's something that has to be watched, or he soon wouldn't be a millionaire. I can go to a city in Kentucky where nobody knows me, without letting anyone know I'm coming, buy \$10,000 worth of race horses, have them shipped home—and nobody will ask me for a dime. Don't ask me how



SUCCESSFUL OWNER, he pats racer Credit Valley, one of his stable hopes. He buys Kentucky stock.

they know I'm good for it, but they do. It makes it awfully easy to spend money.

When you have plenty, nobody ever asks for it. Nobody even mentions it. If, when that cheque arrived at the bank I'd issued it on, I didn't have \$10,000 in my account, I still wouldn't hear about it. I'd automatically be given an overdraft. It's all very simple and convenient. You have to keep reminding yourself of the time you had to read down the right-hand side of the menus.

Actually, in many ways I can live more economically now than I used to when I was scraping the bottom of the barrel. I'm easier on clothes, for

instance, because instead of buying one shirt or one pair of socks at a time I buy a dozen or so. Instead of giving one or two suits a day-in, day-out beating I buy four at a time. I get just that much more wear out of my clothes. I can buy more serviceable clothes, too.

I remember one time, soon after I began to realize that I no longer had to ask the price first and decide on the merchandise after, a salesman fitted me with the best-looking pair of shoes I'd ever seen. I was just going to tell him to wrap them up when my wife said: "Just a minute. How much are they?"

"Thirty-five dollars," the clerk said.

I hadn't even asked the price and I took a ribbing from my wife about paying \$35 for a pair of shoes without even knowing it. But those were the best shoes I'd ever worn and they gave me about four times the wear of any shoes I've ever had.

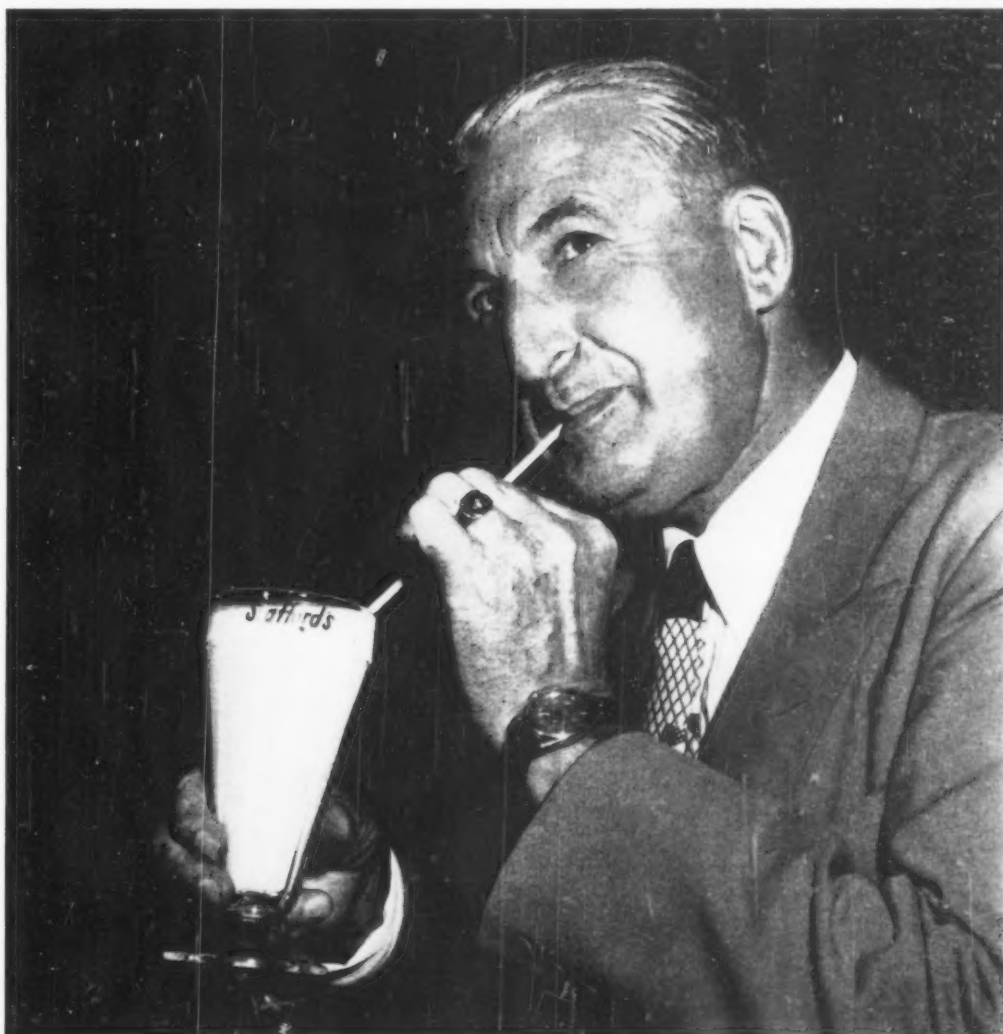
There are complications about that sort of thing, though. I have to watch my enthusiasms. Some people are always waiting for the least sign of me putting on the dog.

I've got a Cadillac, for instance, because a Cadillac is a terrific car. I'd always wanted one and when I got enough dough I bought one. Who wouldn't? But when people say: "I see you drive a Cadillac," I have to play it down or they'll decide I'm throwing my weight around. I don't say: "I sure do, and brother! is that a car." I have to come out with malarky about getting it because I need a car with a long wheelbase to span a hole in my garage, or it holds the road well.

At the same time a car like a Cadillac has an effect on people that gives my wife and me many a laugh. My wife will drive into a service station and will automatically be surrounded by enough attendants to lift the thing off the ground. But often on the same

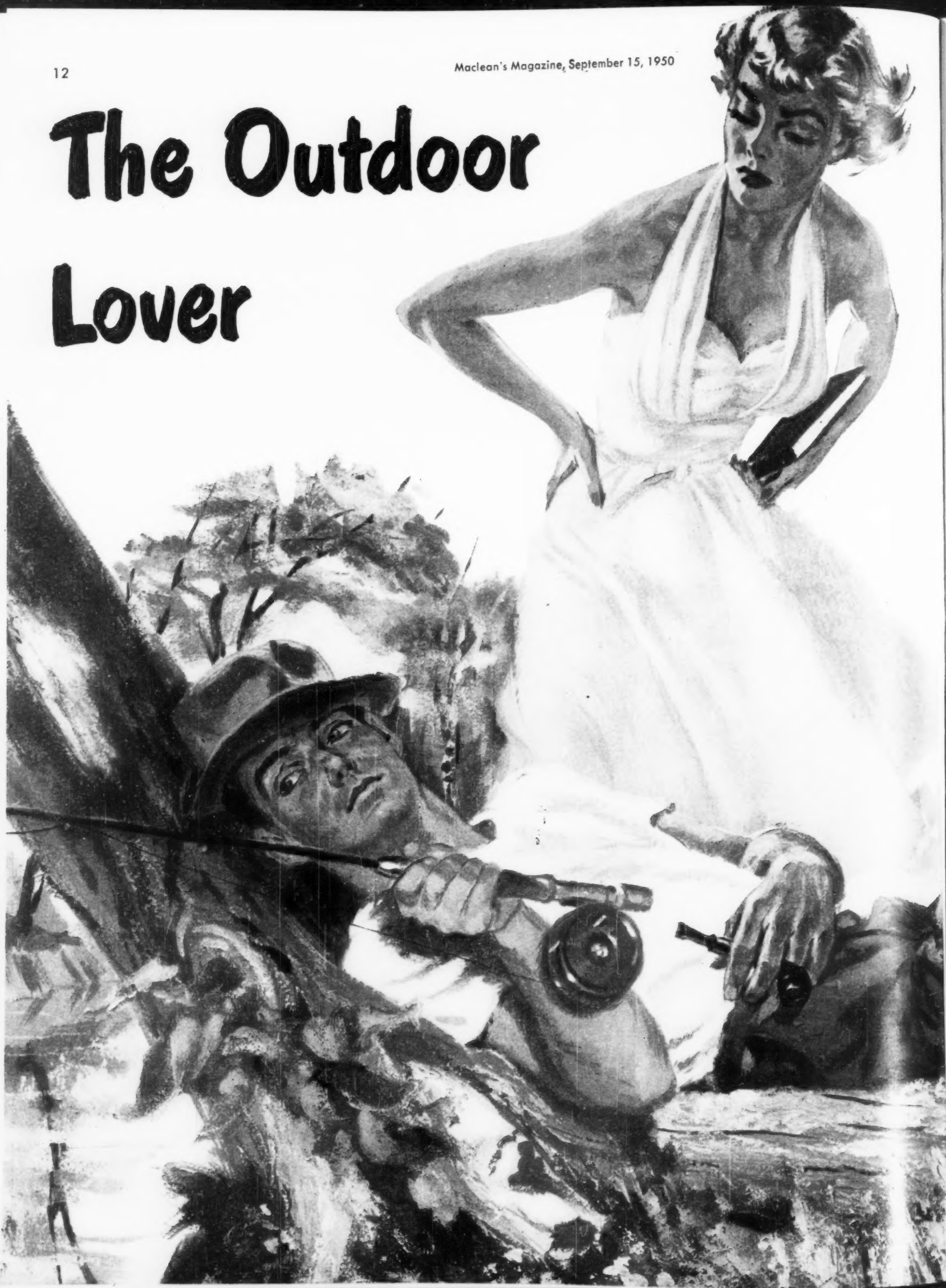
Continued on page 60

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL



RECIPE FOR RICHES: Leave golf and pool till later; get behind the eight ball and fight your way out.

The Outdoor Lover



WHEN Dave Limpitt opened the letter he knew he was going to be in more trouble than Flash Gordon could handle with the help of Dick Tracy, six assistants and the free use of an atomic pile. It stuck out between the lines.

He was in the process of being harassed by Clem Whiteley and 10,000 Great Outdoor Lovers, female.

Clem Whiteley owned Good Hunting, a magazine perpetuating the belief that a man with a broken neck and frozen ears dies happily providing he has just shot a mountain goat. Clem Whiteley was unsympathetic toward everything and everyone, except circulation figures, which he loved with a great and abiding love.

The Great Outdoor Lovers were not an association of professed libertines dedicated to wooing only in forests and fields. Not necessarily. It was, rather, a band of young unmarried women who believed, with some fanaticism, that an understanding wife was one who must be prepared to catch pneumonia beside her husband in a duckblind at dawn, or drown with him by stepping into a hole in a trout stream.

Dave Limpitt, a born loafer who wanted nothing but peace and quiet, accepted money from Whiteley in payment for articles and stories about The Great Outdoors.

Until now he had only one major problem on his mind. It concerned ways and means of landing a wily six-pound (estimated) trout so very well known to Good Hunting's readers as Old Claptrap.

For such being the peculiar mentality of trout fishermen, every issue for the past two years had carried a breathless, minutely detailed bulletin of Dave's long-standing feud with this fish.

This, then, was a general picture of the situation as, on a fateful Friday evening, Dave sat down to open his mail. The first envelope, he confidently expected, would disgorge a Whiteley cheque. The soft whistle which turneth away worry ended in a sudden snort. The sunny, carefree smile collapsed into a snarl.

The envelope certainly gave with a cheque, an unexpectedly bigger, better, brighter cheque than ever. But the accompanying letter was not bright.

"For Pete's sake," it pleaded, "you've got to take these outdoor dames off my hands, Dave. I tell you, they're running a picket line down here. They camp in the office in shifts. And the wife—well, you know Clara—is having womanly doubts and suspicions. And Dave . . . Dave, all I want is your okay to tell them your address. That's all they want, Dave, and they'll go away. Listen, Dave . . ."

Dave closed his eyes against the letter, against the cheque that was all too obviously intended to grease Clem's pleading, and his lips moved.

He knew it all. He knew it word by word. Good Hunting's 10,000 Great Outdoor Lovers were each pledged to ensure that at least five other inoffensive citizens bought a copy of every new number of Good Hunting, even if it involved beating them into submission with the butt of a shotgun. Circulation.

"You should be proud, Dave. This is a special committee that wants to come and watch you work on Old Claptrap. That's fame, pal. After all, they only want to stay for a week. And they'll report their visit in the pages of our magazine. And think what it means . . ."

"No!" Dave Limpitt's silently moving lips sounded off. "No!" He crumpled the letter as he had crumpled four that preceded it.

Then he turned to the next envelope, scowled at it suspiciously, and ripped it open with something of the sudden recklessness of a man baring his chest to the firing squad.

"I am a writer," it said. Dave groaned aloud. "And I wish to come and stay at your lodge for at least six months so I can concentrate on my work," and so on, and so on, until the signature which said, "Marcia Redburn."

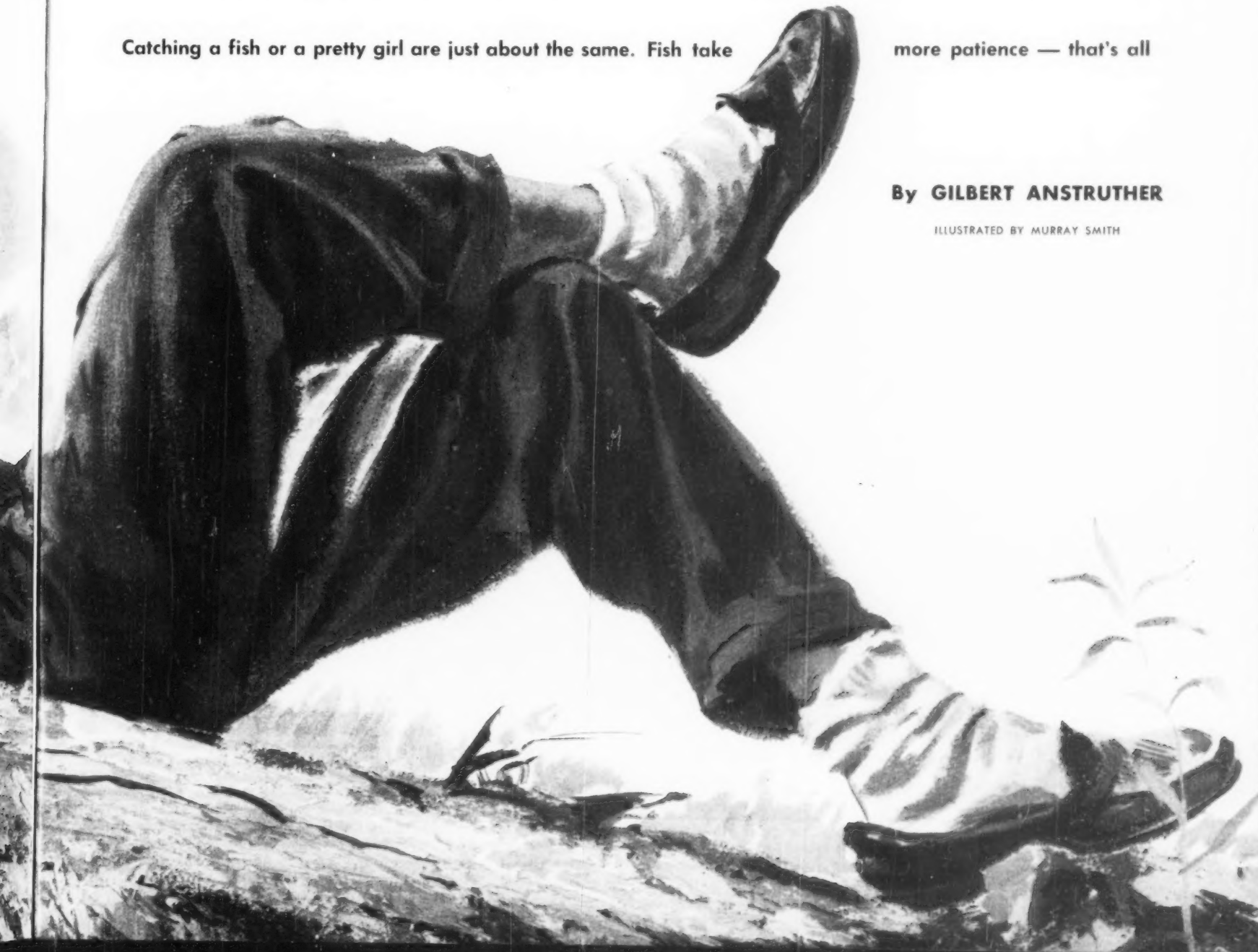
His first impulse was to crumple this *Continued on page 30*

Catching a fish or a pretty girl are just about the same. Fish take

more patience — that's all

By GILBERT ANSTRUTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MURRAY SMITH



LES LEAR: Win, Place

His first year as coach of the Stampeders he won the Grey Cup. The second he ran second and the cheers of some grandstand quarterbacks turned to sneers. How about this year? Meet Butch, an ex-lineman, who now wears shoes as a grid executive

By JIM COLEMAN



FIRST TURNOUT FOR 50 (l. to r.): Brown, Aguirre, Young, Lear, Kwong. In front, Sugarfoot Anderson.



WIFE BETTY, one son and six horses make up Lear's family on his 25-acre place at Spring Bank.

LESLIE ("BUTCH") LEAR is a shrewd and tough young man who, in two short years, has demonstrated that he is one of the best football coaches Canada's ever had.

When he coached the Calgary Stampeders to a Canadian rugby football championship in 1948 the citizens stampeded through the streets, a buckin' and a whinnin' and a hollerin'. Nothing like it had happened since the prehistoric reefs beneath Turner Valley finally yielded their hidden treasures and belched oil into the Alberta skies.

It was a personal triumph for Lear who had just passed his 30th birthday. He had hit the jackpot in his first season of coaching. A Calgary team hadn't won its own group championship in the West since 1911. Lear's Stampeders went through the 1948 season without losing a single game. They had utterly humiliated their traditional rivals, the Winnipeg Blue Bombers. They had shattered the Regina Rough Riders. Then they traveled 2,000 miles to Toronto and stunned a powerful Ottawa team to win the Grey Cup.

The Calgarians were much too exuberant, at that point, to take stock of the extraordinarily single-minded man who had provided them with an opportunity for celebration. In their enthusiasm they were unaware of the remarkable metamorphosis Lear had undergone in four years.

Let's put it bluntly. When the Calgary Stampeders executive announced that the new coach would be Les Lear, the news caused a good deal of raucous, unbelieving laughter in the inner circles of Canadian football. Lear was . . . well, er . . . a very, very rough diamond; a grand football player, mind you, but a man who was equipped with a deplorable, pants-kicking sense of humor.

In his seven seasons with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers he had established a reputation as one of Canada's best linemen. He was the only Canadian ever to make the grade in the powerful National Professional League in the United States. But, when Lear left Winnipeg in 1944 to join the Cleveland Rams, his departure had been viewed with mixed feelings. There is plenty of open space in Winnipeg but there were times when the entire Prairies seemed too small for Lear and his pals.

Even in Calgary the appointment was viewed with misgivings. There were some Calgarians who couldn't forget Lear as the beetle-browed Winnipeg lineman who had fished for goldfish in the lobby of the Carlton Hotel while the hotel staff cowered fearfully in the background.

Accordingly, the eastern Canadian sports writers who interviewed Lear after his Stampeders won the Canadian championship were astounded by the change in his personality. He was poised and polite, self-confident but full of healthy cynicism. With a Canadian title tucked away and an unbeaten season behind him he realized that he was faced with the unenviable task of attempting to improve upon perfection.

"Listen to them yelling," he said sardonically, jerking a thumb toward the noisy corridors of

and...?

Toronto's Royal York Hotel, where the Calgarians were celebrating. "I'm a great guy now but I wonder if they'll still love me when we lose a few games next year?"

Keenly aware of the high mortality rate among football coaches Lear went into a huddle with his jubilant backers as soon as they returned to Calgary. They tore up his existing two-year contract and gave him a new agreement with a five-year guarantee. He'll be coaching the Stampeders through the 1953 season, come hell, hurricane or chinook.

He had good grounds for his scepticism. Every Calgarian suddenly became an expert football strategist. The grandstand quarterbacks weren't entirely satisfied when the Stampeders failed to retain the Canadian championship in 1949. They overlooked the fact that their coach had performed a notable feat in getting them into the Dominion final in two successive years. When the Stampeders lost to the Montreal Alouettes the grandstand quarterbacks grew restive. They began to murmur that Lear had made a mistake when he cut loose Del Wardien who subsequently became a star with the Regina Rough Riders. They blamed him, too, for the fact that such good young players as Pete Thodos and Rod Pantages broke away from the Stampeders after the season ended and joined the Alouettes.

This fails to disturb Lear. "I didn't come to Calgary to win any popularity contests," he says. "I came here to coach a winning football team."

This is no idle pose. Lear is a hardheaded businessman and his business is coaching football teams. He is a ruthless, demanding taskmaster and a perfectionist. He is a strict disciplinarian. He is a "loner" who has no social intercourse with his players. They play the game according to his rules or they don't play at all. Those grandstand quarterbacks who are under the misapprehension that he might be sensitive to criticism should take a peek into his background.

Lear was born in Grafton, N.D., of English and Norwegian parents. When he was 2 his family moved to Winnipeg where his father went to work in the CPR's Weston shops.

He grew up on Alexander Avenue, within cinder-flight of the railway tracks. There weren't any Little Lord Fauntleroy in that neighborhood. There wasn't any organized football in the Winnipeg schools, either, and it wasn't until he reached Daniel McIntyre High School that he received a rudimentary idea of the game from the physical training teacher, "Pop" Cochrane.

Little Leslie was a charter member of a group of saintly young gentlemen known as the "Alexander Gang." Their hated rivals were the neighboring "Dufferin Gang" which included such fragile children as Ches McCance and Harry Badger, later to be Blue Bomber stars like Lear himself. Officially, sporting events weren't countenanced in Winnipeg on Sundays, but every Sunday afternoon the "Alexander Gang" met the "Dufferin Gang" in what was laughingly called a football game. There was a free-for-all fight on nearly every set of downs and the playing field was seeded with teeth.



STAMPER LEAR watches a workout in traditional Western getup. He doesn't pack a gun, but the helmeted hombres bite the dust at the crack of his voice. He used to play pro in the U. S.

In the autumn of 1933 the "Alexander Gang" and the "Dufferin Gang" signed a bloody truce and the survivors joined Fred Ritter's Deer Lodge junior team. Ritter tried to beat some sense into their heads and, by the fall of 1936, they were ready to join the senior Blue Bombers. Ritter was ready for a strait jacket.

The young gentlemen distinguished themselves on their first road trip to Calgary. Coach Bob Fritz was a tolerant man but he found it necessary to suspend Lear, McCance, Badger and Bill Nairn who broke training rules so flagrantly that the startled Calgarians thought that they had been invaded by hostile Indians. The boys were learning to play good football but, in those days, when only a few dollars separated them from amateurism, it

was impossible to discipline them for their extra-curricular activities. They took to traveling in their bare feet and once there was really serious trouble in the dining car of a Canadian Pacific train when one of the wackier Bombers insisted upon testing a woman passenger's coffee with his bare toe before agreeing the java was cool enough for her palate.

"I guess that we thought it was pretty funny at the time," Lear says grimly now. "But I'm not a kid any more. If one of my Calgary players tried that sort of stuff I'd fine him a month's salary. My players are professionals and I insist upon treating them as professionals."

Without a single pang for his own salad days this more mature Lear can append the following note to the strict itinerary *Continued on page 45*

A Maclean's Flashback

Newfoundland's PIRATE KING

For a few ferocious months Captain John Phillips, renegade Englishman, plundered 34 ships on the high seas. Then his schooner *Revenge* sailed home with his own pickled head flying at the mast top

By CHARLES H.
KNICKERBOCKER

THE cruise of the pirate schooner *Revenge* began at St. Peters (now known as Petty Harbor), Newfoundland on a dark rainy night in August, 1723. The wind howled fiercely through the spruce trees and out on the storm-flecked bay the shapes of fishing boats at anchor could just be distinguished. The rough fish-splitters, sole inhabitants of the region in that day, drank deeply of blackstrap and crept shivering into their crude huts to sleep.

On the beach John Phillips waited impatiently for his companions, eager to begin his career as a pirate king. He was, in a few ferocious months, to sail 6,000 miles, capture 34 vessels, several hundred men, and booty to the value of 10,000 pounds sterling in cloth, wine, slaves, cannon, and plate, and to leave his story of blood and adventure to Canadian history. Eleven men, including Phillips, lost their lives. Two of them were thrown overboard alive, three shot, one hacked with a broadaxe, one sliced with a cutlass, one bludgeoned, one blown up and two hanged.

John Phillips stalked up and down the stormy beach. He smelled his hands and wrinkled his nose in disgust. His long months as a fish-splitter were now over. No longer would he break his back chopping chunks of cod and hauling them to sundry for miserable wages. No longer would he live on weevily bread and blackstrap, that belly-burning mixture of rum, molasses, and chowder beer.

He had sailed out from England as a ship's carpenter in 1721, but was captured by the pirate Thomas Anstis and was with the pirate crew for a year on raids and revels in the Caribbean.

While on the privateer *Morning Star* with Anstis, Phillips had taken part in a particularly vicious episode. A woman prisoner was raped successively by 21 men; then her back was broken and she was thrown into the sea.

Phillips left the pirate at Tobago, returned to England, and reached his Devonshire home in anonymous safety. In a few days, however, the law caught up with him and he was forced to flee, taking passage for Newfoundland. He jumped ship at St. Peters to work as a fish-splitter.

But his one taste of piracy had filled his head with dreams in which he starred as the swash-buckling pirate king. Soon he talked a group of 16 roughnecks into a crazy plan to steal a fishing schooner. And this was the night!

Out of the darkness big men reeking of fish appeared at the beach beside Phillips. There was John Nutt, long-armed tower of sinew and bone, skilled in navigation; Thomas Fern, stout and surly, carpenter; James Sparks, wiry and aggressive gunner. These were all men of Newfoundland. And there was William White, a cocksure vagrant tailor out of Boston who was always being chased from town to town because of his immorality.

Only five men. The other 11, faint-hearted or drunk, did not turn up at the rendezvous. It was a small company for a pirate crew, but Phillips deemed it enough.

Silently the little group rowed across the choppy harbor to the schooner and boarded her. She was deserted. They weighed anchor, raised sail, and slipped out to sea.

When the harbor mouth was passed the five conspirators held council. The vessel was renamed *Revenge*. Phillips was captain, of course. Nutt was chosen sailing master, Sparks was made gunner

and Fern carpenter. There had to be a crew, so White became the crew of one.

Revenge had no armament at first. She was later equipped with cannon taken from captured ships. Like most pirates of the day Phillips took prizes chiefly by hand-to-hand fighting after grappling and boarding. The men at the start were armed with cutlasses, knives, and flintlock pistols.

For a flag they decided on a skeleton in white, holding in its hand an hourglass and pierced through the heart with an arrow dripping blood, the whole design set upon a field of black. William White, plying his needle, constructed it.

Articles were drawn up and solemnly sworn to. There was no Bible aboard so the oath was taken on a rusty hatchet instead. The articles included these items:

If any Man shall offer to run away, or keep any Secret from the Company, he shall be maroon'd, with one Bottle of Powder, one Bottle of Water, one small Arm and Shot.

That Man that shall strike another whilst these Articles are in force, shall receive Moses's Law (that is 40 Stripes lacking one) on the bare Back.

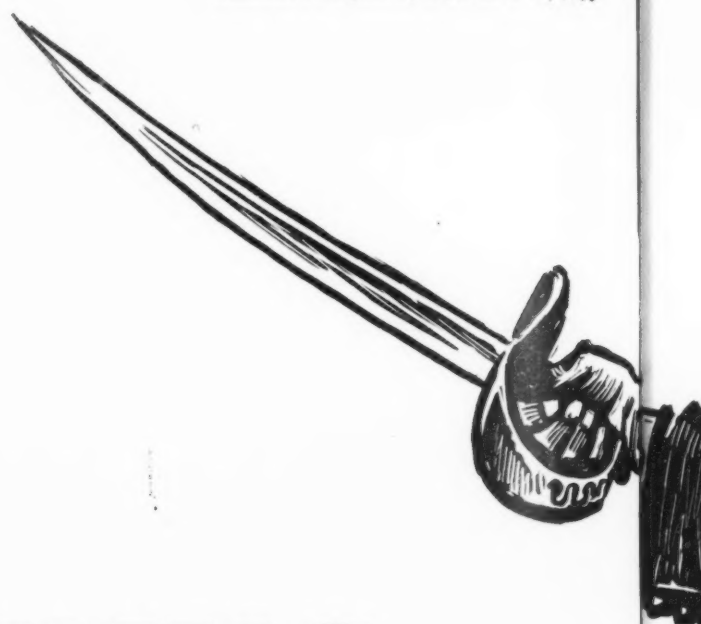
If any Man shall lose a Joint in Time of an Engagement, he shall have 400 Pieces of Eight; if a Limb, 800.

If at any Time we meet with a prudent Woman, that Man that offers to meddle with her, without her consent, shall suffer present Death.

Thus organized and regulated the company sailed for the Grand Banks. Here 12 fishing vessels were taken without resistance. These were meagre prizes, containing nothing much but fish, of which the pirates had all had enough. But from one of these ships a valuable volunteer was obtained. He was John Rose Archer, a tall dark lanky ex-pirate who had served with Blackbeard off the Carolina coast in 1717-18. Archer was made quartermaster. This

Continued on page 53

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH





Goodnight, Irene

Words and Music by
HUDDIE LEDBETTER
JOHN LOMAX



BING DIDN'T want to compete with himself, snubbed "Irene." Howie Richmond is press agent for Andrews sisters La Verne, Patty, Maxine.



FRANKIE DID break a flight to Europe to meet his hearthrob Ava Gardner (left), to record "Irene." And Sinatra had another hit.

Birth of A Song Hit

By JAMES DUGAN

A LEADING song hit this fall is a slow haunting folk tune in moderate waltz time called "Goodnight, Irene," published by the Cromwell Music Corp. of New York. The song and its 32-year-old publisher, Howard Richmond, violate all the rules of the commercial music business. Cromwell Music is one year old and has published four phenomenal hit tunes. "Goodnight, Irene" is at least 50 years old and may have actually originated a century ago.

Tin Pan Alley says everything is wrong with the song. It starts off with the refrain, "Irene, Goodnight, Irene, Goodnight; Goodnight, Irene, Goodnight, Irene. I'll see you in my dreams." Tin Pan Alley says, "All them Irenes! Waddaya tryin' to sell me?" The tune has five verses, completely unrelated to the refrain, out of character, and they do not mention "Irene." They tell a tough tale of marital strife. Two verses offend the radio censors by mentioning suicide and drug addiction.

Furthermore the song is unmistakably a primitive Negro blues, very few of which have reached general popularity. The co-authors of "Irene" are Huddie Ledbetter, or "Lead Belly," a protean Negro minstrel, who served two penitentiary terms for murder and assault with intent to kill, and his very good friend Professor John Lomax, a white scholar from Texas. To top this off, "Howie"

Richmond, the publisher, is a press agent who cannot read music.

This list of disqualifications has produced the hit millions are listening to and even singing, while Tin Pan Alley slowly goes meshuggeh, a music business code word for nuts.

I went to see Howie Richmond recently to find out how "Irene" happened. His office is on West 57th Street, several blocks away from the Brill building, which is the capitol of Tin Pan Alley. (Tin Pan Alley is not an alley but three midtown New York buildings, the Brill, and the RCA and RKO buildings in Rockefeller Center.) On his office door were the words, HOWARD S. RICHMOND PUBLICITY. In tiny letters at the bottom of the frosted glass I read Cromwell Music Corporation.

Off a closet-sized reception room I found Richmond in his bathroom-sized office. He is a dark, slim young man, almost theatrically handsome, with a mild air and an excellent vocabulary, attributes not common in Tin Pan Towers. "I'm not a song plugger," he said. "I'm tone deaf. I can't read music. I'm just a press agent, a record promotion man. I don't know any of the formulas Tin Pan Alley uses to build synthetic hits. I published 'Goodnight, Irene' because I thought it was a truthful song. 'Irene' would ordinarily be turned

down by nine out of 10 publishers. They'd say, 'Those lyrics are no good. They're not commercial.'

"My way of building a song hit is different from Tin Pan Alley. They start with what is called 'the live professional job,' in other words, song plugging. They spend \$10,000 to as high as \$42,000 to send out waves of song pluggers who ask, beg and badger the big bands and singers to do a new number. After all the plugs the tune may be a dud. Don't forget, the public still decides whether a song will be a hit or a dog.

"I start a new number with the radio disk jockeys. I have personal friendships with 300 jockeys in the U.S. and Canada, whom I contacted on the road as a press agent for people like Glenn Miller, Larry Clinton, Frank Sinatra and the Andrews Sisters. When I get a number I want to publish I spend a lot of time getting the right artists to record it. I don't care if they are big-name singers or not. I want the appropriate artists, who are sincere about the song. All I do is make 300 special Vinylite recordings and air express them to the disk jockeys. The whole initial cost doesn't run more than \$1,000.

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Lomax brought Lead Belly to New York, where the powerful folk artist became a sensation. In 1936 Lomax published a great and neglected book, "Negro Folk Songs as Sung by Lead Belly," which included "Goodnight, Irene," with lyrics adapted by Lomax. The song was copyrighted by Lomax and Ledbetter as literature, as they had no thought of making it a popular song hit.

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THERE'S A BILLION DOLLARS LYING AROUND



NG AROUND IN

Junk

It is Canada's greatest hidden treasure. The junkies (sorry, conservation engineers) who ferret it out prize steel scrap above all but even an old bowler hat has its price

By GRATTAN GRAY

THE biggest hidden resource in Canada is junk. The junk business gives jobs to 40,000 Canadians and enjoys a turnover of several hundred million dollars every year. It has made girdles out of old inner tubes, dominoes out of old phonograph records, phonograph records out of old bowler hats and millionaires out of old ragmen. It has also solved the problem of what to do with used razor blades, broken-down jalopies, empty gin bottles, beat-up mattresses and yesterday's newspaper. The junkman makes his living—and a good one—out of things as elementary and fundamental as a rag, a bone and a hank of hair.

People have been in the junk business since the Biblical days of Joel, when pruning hooks were beaten into spears, and swords into plowshares, and vice versa. But the Canadian junk industry, which in World War II beat old railway rails into howitzers, is just three generations old. Fifty years ago it consisted of a handful of "junkies"—stooped and bearded old men with packs on their backs calling out for rags, bones and bottles. Today it straddles the continent, from the Newfoundland Bottle Co., in St. John's, to the North West Sack Co., in New Westminster, B.C.

There are between 4,000 and 6,000 junkies in Canada today, garnering more than 10 million tons of junk a year and dumping it into 750 major junk dealers. More than 100 of these dealers have college degrees. Some of them employ as many as 200 workers.

Junk has become big business with a capital \$. A single junk firm in Philadelphia, Luria Brothers, largest in the world, grosses \$100 millions a year. Many prominent Canadians, like Maurice Pollack, millionaire Quebec City department store owner, made their stake in it. There is a junkman member of parliament, Tory Karl Homuth, of Preston, Ont. The business has its own lingo: "shoppery-smush" for tailors' sweepings. It has its own trade organization: the Canadian Secondary Materials Association, which numbers 200 large dealers as members including the Poppy Fund of Toronto. It has annual conventions: last year junkmen delegates spent two days at Montreal's Mount Royal Hotel, sipped champagne, munched toast and caviar. It even has university courses: a summer ago the U.S. Institute of Scrap Iron and Steel graduated 222 junior executives from its seminar at Chicago's Northwestern University.

It also has its pride. Although there are two

separate Canadian Junk Companies (in Calgary and Regina), an Edmonton Junk Co., a Pacific Junk Co., and an Empire Junk Co. in Vancouver, the trade is sensitive about that naughty word. "Scrap," "salvage" or "waste material" are considered more polite. Some junkmen call themselves "conservation engineers" and one old-time junkie admits rather sheepishly that his socialite daughters used to identify him as an antique dealer.

There is reason for this pride. During the recent Winnipeg flood authorities appealed for sacks to bolster sagging dikes. Millions of them came from the junkmen of the nation who specialize in rags and bagging.

There is junk in almost everything, and there seems to be nothing these days that can't be made from some form of junk. Most of the big firms have their own testing laboratories seeking out new uses for trash. Because of this sort of research, wax and molasses are now being made out of Douglas fir bark; nylon is being reconverted from waste textile yarns; building board is being manufactured from sawdust and woodchips; and darned if waste rice hulls aren't going into breakfast food.

Most of the steel that went into Toronto's Bank of Commerce building, Montreal's Sun Life and Vancouver's Marine Building came from the junk pile. The steel girders of Quebec's Isle of Orleans bridge and Vancouver's Second Narrows are also made of 60% scrap steel. Washington's new Fourteenth Street bridge across the Potomac is built of steel which once formed part of the sabotaged French liner Normandie. The giant Cunarder Queen Mary has a hull made from plates rolled out of melted steel from the scuttled German fleet of World War I. Junkman E. H. Cox bought the works for \$2½ millions in 1919, raised the submerged ships and sold the scrap metal for \$13 millions.

Canada's biggest single junk purchase was the recently gutted lake liner Noronic, which has 6,000 tons of scrap steel worth \$150,000. Many of the post World War I tin lizzies were made from steel contained in 199 war transports which Henry Ford bought up for \$1,600,000.

Junkmen will dismantle almost anything and sell the resultant scrap at a profit. One Montreal junk firm, engaged in wrecking

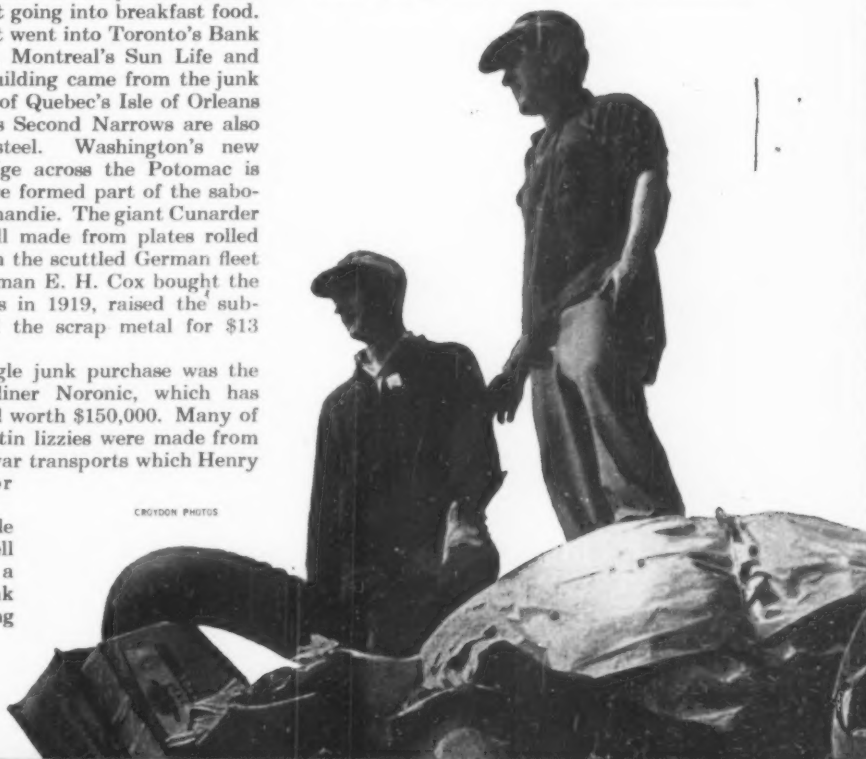
a large building, put up this sign on the premises: "Skyscraper, slightly bent, soon to be sold at our yard."

There are a good many kinds of junk ranging all the way from human hair to defunct corset stays, but in Canada scrap iron and steel represent 40% of the industry's dollar volume. We use between three and four million tons of scrap a year.

The scrap business is as old as the iron age. Geoffrey Chaucer made an inventory of scrap metal available in his day. Silversmith Paul Revere advertised for it in the Press. Some of the most expensive steels are 99% scrap. Nails, barbed wire and woven field fence are virtually all scrap, too. The average steel contains scrap and pig iron in almost equal quantities.

The increasing profusion *Continued on page 36*

An old inner tube is a potential girdle and worn records are transformed into dominoes.



CROYDON PHOTOS

THE MENACE OF THE FLYING HUNTER

Speedy planes whisk sportsmen deep into our wildlife wilderness on killing carnivals where once an arduous overland trek was necessary. To protect our game reserves conservation men want to clip the wings of the air-borne hunter

By FRED BODSWORTH

A FEW YEARS ago Canada had thousands of miles of wilderness where the blast of a gun was never heard, a vast unmolested wildlife incubator producing game and fish which helped keep the southern hunted fringes repopulated. Since the war hundreds of air-borne hunters and anglers — both Canadian and American — have launched a blitzkrieg into these last strongholds of Canadian game. Our moose, deer, caribou, beaver, bighorn sheep, geese, and even walrus and polar bear, are all in danger.

The expedition which used to take two weeks now takes a week end, permitting sportsmen to hunt much more frequently. And since the plane usually takes them far beyond the game warden's reach, then back home again nonstop, the poachers and game hogs in the flying sportsman clan can and do thumb their noses at the law.

The cheap small plane, now within the buying power of thousands of businessmen hunters, has

become the greatest threat to Canadian game since the invention of the high-powered rifle. Planes like the Aeronca, Piper Cub and Cessna (\$3,000 to \$5,000 float-equipped) and amphibians like the Republic Seabee and Grumman Widgeon (up to \$15,000) are bringing about the rape of Canada's North.

Says Dr. Harrison F. Lewis, chief of the Canadian Wildlife Service: "The unrestricted aircraft can wreak tremendous damage to the wildlife of this country, a natural resource which is the basis for a revenue of \$60 millions a year. We shall be reduced to hunting rabbits and squirrels and catching hatchery-raised fish unless it is controlled."

Austin Peters, general manager of the Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters: "The float plane has opened up vast new areas to the privileged few. Any game, anywhere in Canada, which makes itself prominent to the aerial spotter, either by its physical bulk (like moose, deer, caribou or elk) or

by its habit of hunching together (like waterfowl) is on the way out unless prompt action is taken."

Said H. G. Palmer, Vancouver, representing the Lower Mainland Gun Association at a recent B.C. game convention, "If we allow planes to continue coming into British Columbia as at present we may as well forget there ever was such a thing as wildlife in this province, for 10 years from now it will be a dream."

The tremendous advances made by aviation during World War II are indirectly responsible. Thousands of men returned home able to fly as easily as they could drive cars and, at the same time, small planes developed for wartime purposes became available on the civilian market. In 1940 the U. S. had about 18,000 civil aircraft; today it has more than 100,000, most of them privately owned. In Canada there were 440 civil aircraft in 1940; there are about 2,500 today.

The flying hunter doesn't even have to be well-heeled enough to buy his own plane. All he has to do is charter a seat with a party and be flown in by one of the scores of Canadian and U. S. airlines now providing air-taxi service.

The Toronto angler who can charter a plane or fly his own now reaches a lake deep back in Algonquin Park in an hour and a half. It used to take him two or three days of auto and canoe travel. From Cleveland to Manitoulin Island is a flip of about two hours; Spokane, Wash., to the Cariboo in B.C. is three hours; New York to the interior of New Brunswick, Buffalo to the goose-hunting paradise of James Bay, four hours.

In Algonquin Park many of the interior lakes are now miniature LaGuardia Fields, with a dozen aircraft reaching them for every canoe. Last June a Toronto party of anglers, seeking privacy and good fishing, flew in to Portal Rapids in the park. They were ready to start casting before 10 a.m. But four other planes were already there ahead of them. Already speckled and lake trout fishing is falling off rapidly in lakes like Hogan, Madawaska, Lavielle and White Partridge, lakes once reserved to the angler who would trudge over portages carrying his canoe with him.

Says Pete McGillen, Toronto Telegram outdoors columnist: "Permitting planes in Algonquin Park is like operating a gigantic fish market. Such methods take all the sport out of fishing."

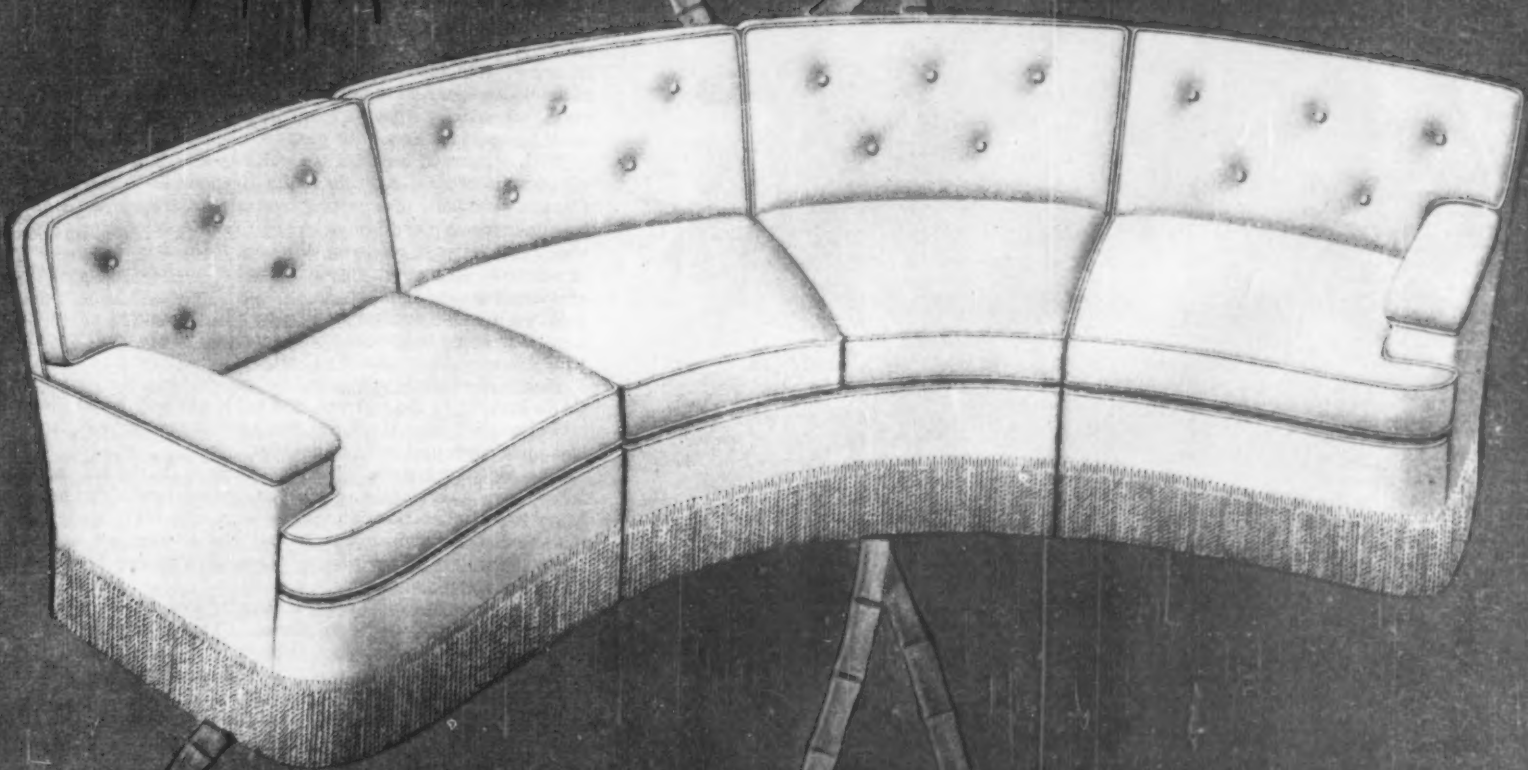
Five years ago not half a dozen parties of anglers would reach Ontario's far north Albany River system in a year. Its speckles ran up to six or seven pounds, its lake trout to a whopping 30 or 40 pounds, and they overflowed down into the Nipigon country where any ordinary angler Joe could have a whack at them. Today wealthy flying anglers are hooking hundreds of them in their home waters. The big fellows are becoming scarcer.

Severn Enterprises, an outfit of former RCAF pilots, is now flying scores of anglers in the Albany country. From Sioux Lookout you can be flown in to a new lodge on Miminiska Lake, 200 miles to the northeast.

Continued on page 27



The small plane — with skis, floats or wheels — takes hunters into moose country in a couple of hours.



fine furniture by Snyder's

WATGLOO ONE MONTREAL QCC



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN can't solve

THE GREAT WOMEN'S

AFTER 18 years of marriage I've got most of the differences between my wife and myself taped out to the point where I can live with them. There's one thing, however, that still throws me for a loop.

Women's hair.

With a man, hair is just something to get cut off when he begins to notice a peculiar nuzzling feeling at the back of his neck every time he looks up from his work. He steps out in the morning, gets into a barber's chair, says, "The usual, Joe," picks up the magazine with the best cheesecake on the cover, reads an article, says "S'long, Joe," pays six bits and gets back to worrying about the gas bill.

With a woman hair isn't a substance; it's a situation. A permanent crisis. At this moment there isn't a woman in Canada who isn't just getting over a permanent, just waiting for a permanent, or to have her hair done, undone, or piled on top. It's a series of recurring assaults, with, in between, periods of research, discussion, reassembly of confederates and elaborate planning.

When my wife gets ready for a hairdo she starts by announcing: "I'm going to have my hair done two weeks from Tuesday. You'll have to look after the children."

Well, I can face anything in two weeks. I say okay. My wife starts looking in the mirror. She holds her hair up as if she is trying to pick herself off the floor, sticks pins into it, frowns, lifts up strands and looks undecided.

The big day arrives. I'm left alone with the can opener, some beans, pea soup, and a list of instructions about sending Mary to school in the white blouse with blue trim (or is it the blue blouse with white trim?) and not letting her near any mud. I think of my wife out there Facing the Situation—Alone. I'm a bit uneasy.

At 6 she comes in. There is a warning look in her eyes as she goes straight to the bedroom mirror. I keep my fingers crossed. I know better than to go in. She comes out into the kitchen and looks me right in the eye. "Well, how do you like it?"

"It looks nice," I say. "Sort of fuzzy."

My wife bursts out crying. "I'll sue him," she says.

She goes back to the mirror and stands there sobbing and holding the strands out one by one like spaghetti.

I've tried to get over to a woman's point of view, but I find I don't even speak the language. I'll read in a magazine how women with hourglass-shaped faces should have bell-shaped bangs. I figure maybe my wife hasn't seen it and at supper I light a cigarette and tell her about it.

My wife looks at me as if I have just got mud on the carpet. She says, "Will you give me \$50 a month to keep my hair done in bell-shaped bangs? It's all I can do to get the hair bonus away from you."

"What's 50 bucks got to do with it?" I holler.

"Those hairdos are all right for a woman who has bangs with flat ends," she says.

The whole business seems to be full of secret meanings only women can understand. It's a sort of world-wide, but rigidly exclusive, club in which the membership requirements are that you must be a woman and have hair.

Our next door neighbor, Ruth, will come in to see her wife, her head done up in curlers like a pineapple. I know her pretty well; she is normally and I run to offer her a quick drink. When my wife says: "Oh, Ruth. It just suits you."

I expect Ruth to walk out livid with rage, but she smiles and looks pleased.

The next time Ruth comes in with her hair looking the way I think a woman's hair should look, soft and loose, without

HAIR MYSTERY

Pompadours, permanents, shingles, bell bangs and tint rinses — Bob is lost in a jungle of jargon. He wants to know why the girls can't drop in at the barber's and say, "The usual"

curlers. My wife says, "Oh, well, it will grow in again. But I'd never go back to him."

When Ruth is gone I say: "What's the matter? I thought it looked kind of nice."

"Looked nice!" my wife says. "For how long? He's cut off all the ends. The poor girl!"

Another day Ruth will come home from a hair job and my wife will rush out onto the porch to have a look. This time everybody seems happy. My wife says it looks lovely. Ruth thinks it looks lovely. I think it looks lovely. I smile and relax. Everything seems settled. Ruth says, "I'll see you later," and after supper comes in with it all up in curlers.

After, when I mention it to my wife, she says: "You didn't expect it to stay that way without being set, did you?"

Or my wife and I will go visiting. I see nothing when we arrive but Jim, Grace and the decanter. Jim's wife looks nice, but Jim's wife always looks nice. I start to talk about some guy that straddled a white line all along the lakeshore. I notice that Grace and my wife have locked eyes.

My wife says, "Grace, it looks lovely."

"Do you like it?" Grace says, pleased.

"Oh, yes. I'd have the ends curled all the time if I were you."

I take in the room quickly. I think they are talking about curtains. I look at the curtains and try to picture them with curled ends.

Often when I'm working at home I've looked out my window and have seen as many as three women at one time slipping into one another's houses as if they were engaged in a weird sort of musical chairs, except that they are playing it with bungalows; all with towels over their shoulders, bristling with curlers, papers, wrappers, pin-curls, combs and everything but tire-irons. Without any noticeable sign, or introductory remarks, they call to one another things like: "Next time I'm going to have a pompadour on top."

Maybe someday I'll figure it out. I made a try last night. Yesterday my wife went to the hairdresser. When she came home she said, "Well, I go to the hairdresser next Tuesday."

I sat there thinking am I going nuts or is there really something about this I don't understand. I said, slowly, "Look, weren't you—at—the—hairdresser's—today?"

"I didn't get a permanent. I just got a finger wave," she said.

"Why didn't you get a permanent?"

"It's too short."

"How did it get that short?"

"I just had it cut," my wife said as if I'm getting more sense with each birthday.

"Why?" I asked, fighting all the way.

"To get some curl into it," she said.

I ankled off to my workbench and tried not to think about it any more, telling myself: after all, my wife has been driving a car for years without having any idea of what's under the hood; maybe I can get along with a woman without understanding what's under her hood. ★



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The Menace of the Flying Hunter

Continued from page 22

The only requirement: \$200 per party of four for the flight in; \$227.50 per week per person while you're in there. Meanwhile the ordinary guy who can afford only a modest vacation once a year to the Nipigon area is casting in vain for the big Albany square-tails he used to get there.

Not All Even Get Licenses

Even the Arctic's walrus and polar bear and Alaska's caribou are no longer out of bounds. Recently a swank gunners' club advertised polar bear and walrus hunting on Hudson Bay "five and a half hours by plane out of Huntsville." And the Alaska Game Commission last year predicted that the white sheep and Barren Ground caribou may soon become extinct in Alaska. The reason: "Widespread use of the airplane and the expanding highway network have put all of the herds within the reach of man."

But the aircraft's greatest threat is the way in which it permits game hogs and poachers to give law enforcement officers the run-around. The flying sportsman is usually in and gone before a warden ever gets wind of him.

On entering Canada the flying sportsman from the U. S. must report at a customs entry airport, obtain a touring permit and report out again at another customs airport when he leaves. In between he's on his own. He can even clear Canadian customs at an international airport like Kinross in northern Michigan and the only contact with Canadian soil he has to make is at the northern lake where he lands to hunt or fish.

There is evidence that many plane-borne American hunters aren't even bothering with the formalities of customs clearances and licenses. The Canadian-U. S. boundary is a long one. It doesn't require a Scarlet Pimpernel to slip in and out again by plane.

In March, 1949, 20 moose shot out of season were found rotting in the bush in the Kipawa Lake area, near Rouyn in northern Quebec. Only the heads and horns had been taken as trophies. Game Warden Diley Gervais said they must have been shot by hunters who flew in from cities south of the border. "They can land on a lake, get their moose and leave before we have a chance to learn they're even here," he said.

Several times since light aircraft became numerous there have been reports of American poachers smuggling illegal quantities of Canadian game across the border and selling it to U. S. restaurants. In 1947 Canadian venison steaks were fetching \$10 a plate in New York night clubs. The Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters learned two years ago that moose being flown out of northwestern Ontario by gunners who were actually in the butchering business under the guise of sportsmen were bringing around \$1,000 per carcass in Chicago.

Last May, following complaints that New York state hunters and anglers were operating in Eastern Ontario without licenses, the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests pulled one of its Beaver aircraft off fire duty and it is now on regular patrol along the St. Lawrence River boundary scouting for poachers.

A B. C. sportsmen's organization secretly investigated a large American plane which had landed on Mahood Lake, in the Kamloops district. It carried hunters who had killed two

moose and three deer one day, another moose and several deer the next. The organization learned the plane had entered the province illegally. It even obtained a photo of the plane and forwarded this to game authorities. But plane, hunters, moose and deer were gone before wardens could reach the scene.

Recently a Minnesota biologist told of a private U. S. plane which crash-landed near his home, injuring three anglers who had been fishing in northwestern Ontario. Their plane carried 216 walleyed pike. Under Ontario law they were entitled to six apiece.

The flying poachers are not all Americans. Last February three Quebec City men were fined \$200 each for catching trout out of season and the plane they used, owned by one of them, was confiscated. In 1948 an Ontario plane was raided by wardens at Killaloe airport, near Pembroke, and 54 beaver pelts illegally trapped in Algonquin Park were seized. A fur buyer, who was said to be flying the pelts out to Montreal, was fined \$2,800. Last October game officials at Ottawa were tipped off that a Canadian plane had left Uplands airport carrying two moose. There is now no open season on moose in Ontario or Quebec.

Last year Northern Ontario game wardens found a trout pool that had been dynamited—the worst of poaching practices, for it kills everything in the water. Rangers said the dynamiter must have come in by plane.

Tourist officials, with an eye on U. S. dollars, have another mud ball to toss at the flying hunter and fisherman. They say Canada loses money on many a U. S. flying sportsman who outfits at home, zips in and zips out again, spending hardly a nickel in Canada. He may not even hire a Canadian guide because he can spot his own game or his fishing shoals from the air. Many leave only the price of a hunting or fishing license in Canada; a few law-breakers even evade this.

Whose Baby Is This?

The lawmakers have a problem, too. Provincial governments say control of air travel is the federal Department of Transport's responsibility. The Federal Government replies it is a game protection matter, and the provinces' baby. Meanwhile, in all governments the game protection people on the one hand and the tourist promoters on the other are eying each other like poker players wondering who is going to call for a show of hands first. The game departments want wildlife safeguarded. The tourist and travel departments don't want to do anything that will be a monkey wrench in their tourist trade spiel.

Most provinces have tossed the hot potato back and forth a bit and made a start at bringing the flying hunter and angler under control. In every province it is now illegal to actually shoot game from an aircraft. In B. C., Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and the Northwest Territories the law now bans the practice of spotting game from the air and landing to make a kill. The B. C., Ontario and Northwest Territories laws state specifically that hunters must use aircraft only as a means of transportation to a camp out of which the actual hunting sorties must be made by canoe or afoot. But this is a legal nightmare. A hunter can't help it, so he claims, if he "just happens" to be up for a joy-ride and "just happens" to see a deer or mountain sheep and "just happens" to come back that way on a hunting trip afoot later in the day.

Continued on page 29



The things a boy can't be expected to know

Reassure him, Dad. A caged tiger will never harm him, but how is a seven-year-old to know?

So often, the things he fears are harmless, and things he never thinks of are the real hazards. It is your biggest job as a father to protect your son against the dangers that never cross a boy's mind.

One of these is the danger to his own future if you should no longer be there to assure it. What *would* happen to your children and their mother, if you should die?

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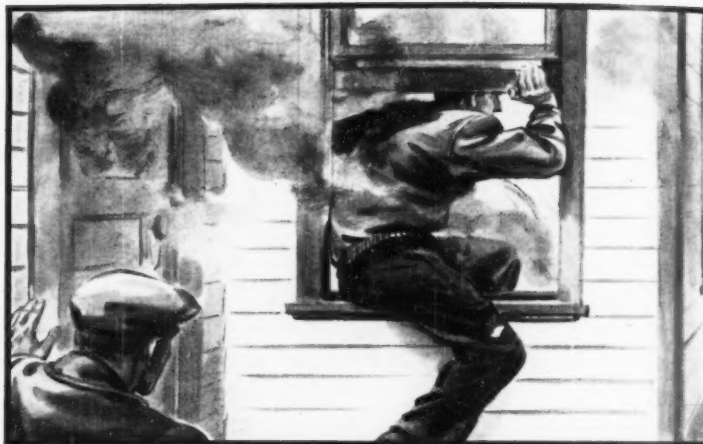
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APPLE SALESMAN IS MONCTON HERO AFTER DARING RESCUE

Kenneth Morton, of Berwick, N.S., saves two tots from burning home with help of chum Lester Rawding



1. Representing the Nova Scotia Apple Marketing Board, Kenneth Morton and Lester Rawding were delivering fruit in Moncton, N.B. While driving down Lefurkey Avenue in their truck, the two men noticed smoke pouring from a wooden, cottage-style house. Flames had begun to lick at the roof by the time the men had leaped from their truck.



2. Learning that two children were trapped in the blazing home, Morton lost no time. Breaking in through a window, he stumbled through the smoke-filled interior. Naturally unfamiliar with the layout of the house, he had to search room after room, unable even to take a breath, until he found the two children, moaning, almost suffocated, on a bed.



3. Taking the little 2-year-old girl in his arms, he quickly carried her to the window, passing her out to his friend Rawding. Then, fighting his way back, he repeated the action with the 3-year-old boy. Satisfied finally that no one else was inside, he leaped through the now blazing window to safety. To courageous, unselfish Kenneth Morton, who, with the assistance of his comrade, saved the precious lives of two children, we are proud to present *The Dow Award*.



THE DOW AWARD is a citation presented for acts of outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a \$100 Canada Savings Bond. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects Award winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.

For deeds such as Kenneth Morton's, more than 200 Canadians have been presented with The Dow Award since its inception in April, 1946.

DOW BREWERY • MONTREAL

Continued from page 27

New Brunswick in 1948 passed a law requiring nonresident anglers entering by plane to employ a licensed guide. This permits authorities to keep tab on their comings and goings.

Conservation men and hunting and fishing associations say Canada must clip the flying sportsman's wings more yet to ensure the preservation of game and fish. Present regulations, they claim, are merely a feeble beginning.

Turn Pilots Into Wardens

Quebec and B. C. officials urge the federal Department of Transport to require that all planes carrying anglers and hunters file a flight plan with authorities outlining their destination, route and how long they intend to stay. Game wardens could then be notified of the number of aircraft in their area and where they are. When a trip ends each plane would be required to report at an airport where an official could check the amount of game being carried out.

Others would be tougher and permit planes to be used only as a means of transportation to jumping-off spots already served by rail or highway. Says Austin Peters, general manager of the Ontario Federation of Anglers and Hunters: "Let the aircraft take the sportsman only wherever a train, car, public boat or horse and wagon may go. The rest of our bush should be inviolate except to those who are willing to make use of a canoe, a horse or 'shank's mare.'"

In Algonquin Park, for example, it is suggested that planes be permitted to land only at a central base at Opeongo Lake and there be placed under seal until the angler is ready to leave the park. From Opeongo the angler would be required to reach his fishing spot by canoe or afoot. These suggestions have won wide approval, even from hunters and anglers.

Another plan, widely advocated in B. C., Ontario and Quebec, is to make game wardens out of all commercial pilots carrying hunting or fishing parties. The pilot would then be responsible for law enforcement.

At Ontario's James Bay the hunter's aircraft already has its wings closely clipped. On the tidal mud flats and marshes there all the blue geese and half the snow geese of the continent stop for about six weeks every fall to rest and fatten up midway in their migration from the Arctic to the U. S. gulf coast. Sometimes 20,000 geese roar up from the willows and muskegs in a single gigantic flock. It's a hunter's heaven.

No More Dive-Bombing

Before the war James Bay was two days by rail from the closest Canadian and U. S. cities. Few hunters reached it. At the end of the war it became only five or six hours distant for thousands of hunters who could charter or fly their own planes. Gunners started flocking in like bachelors to a bathing beauty contest. In the fall shooting season of 1947 float-planes and amphibians dropped down at the Moosonee waterfront by the score. When a minor outbreak of diphtheria occurred among Moosonee Indian children, and volunteers were called for to aid with an inoculation program, there were more doctors than patients. Among the goose hunters were doctors who had flown in from a dozen different U. S. states as well as a number from Toronto and Montreal.

The hunters' planes ranged up and down the coast, dropping off hunters wherever the geese were flocking. The planes would circle out over the off-

shore flocks to drive the geese in over the gunners' blinds. When the geese were driven from one marsh scouting planes quickly located them in another.

Dr. Oliver Hewitt and other Canadian wildlife experts who were at James Bay in 1947 said the geese could endure such massacre for only two or three years.

Federal, Ontario and Quebec officials quickly got together and hammered out a series of regulations to save the goose that lays the golden egg for James Bay's tourist business. The army of nonresident hunters was corralled up

into a southern 200-mile stretch of the bay's shoreline. The remaining 400 miles of shoreline and all off-shore islands were declared out of bounds for all except Indians, Eskimos and geese.

The new James Bay regulations require planes to stay at the 3,000-foot level when flying over the shoreline. There is no more dive-bombing. Planes now can land only on designated rivers and no closer than five miles from the shore. From there the hunter must reach the goose marshes by canoe or outboard skiff.

Says Jack Austin, one of the pilots who fly in hunters every fall: "We were as pleased as anyone to see the James Bay slaughter brought under control. A few more years like 1947 and we'd have been out of business as far as James Bay is concerned."

John Mitchele, secretary of Toronto Anglers and Hunters, adds, "Every hunter and angler who wants to see his sport preserved—and that, fortunately, covers most of them—hopes that James Bay is just the beginning. A lot of other Canadian hunting and fishing sections need the same treatment." ★

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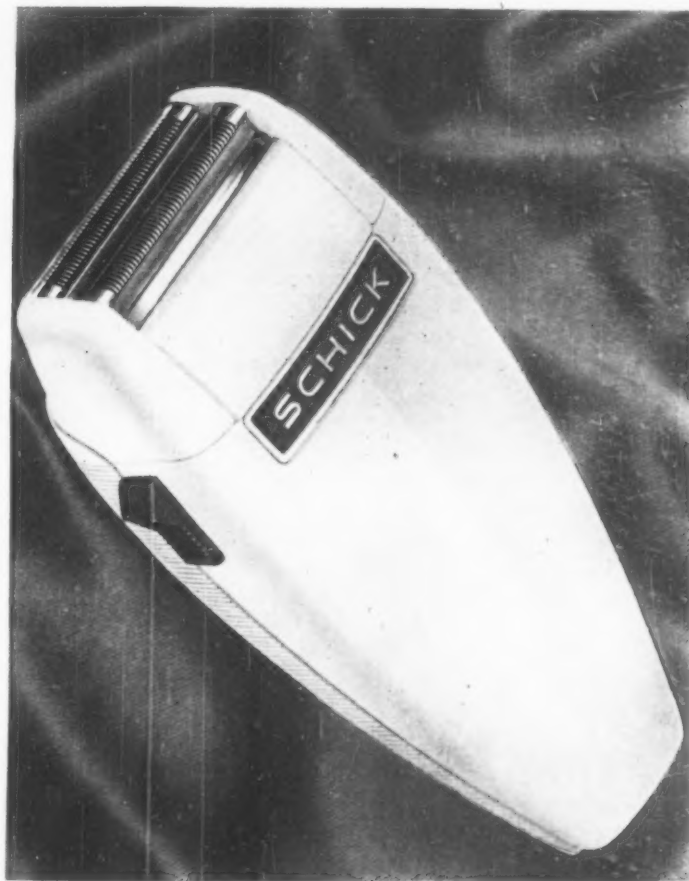
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Mothers, Wives, Sweethearts

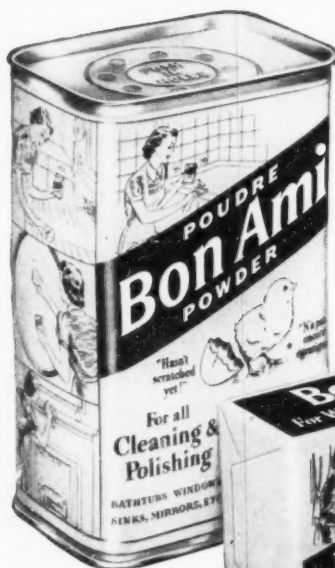
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You'll clean your best with

BON AMI

"hasn't
scratched
yet!"

The Outdoor Lover

Continued from page 13

one, too. It was more than his tortured soul could bear. Then the name began rolling around his skull, soothingly.

"Marcia Redburn." He tested it with his tongue. "Marcia . . ." He turned slowly to Mrs. Armanella Goodenough, who was sitting beside him, stringing beans. "Kind of pretty, at that—don't you think?"

Mrs. Goodenough raised her eyebrows and said nothing in an eloquent kind of way. Mrs. Goodenough had come with the lodge. She supervised everything, including the owner.

Dave shook his head. "But you can't tell. Some of the most shocking old bags have pretty names. She probably drips vinegar when she cuts her finger."

"Maybe."
"No warmth at all in that letter. Listen to this. 'I should appreciate a room well removed from all other guests—one with, preferably, no view to distract me from my work.' Sounds grim, doesn't it?"

"Sort of."
Dave looked at her sternly. "Some-day, ma," he rebuked her gently, "these preconceived snap judgments of yours are going to land you in trouble."

He went off to write his fifth refusal to Clem Whiteley.

THE DAY arrived when Dave, filled with some curiosity, drove over to Clorville to collect Marcia Redburn.

While he was waiting for the train he picked up his mail and flicked through it. There was another letter from Clem Whiteley, whose desperation was mounting into hysteria.

The rails sang and rumbled and the train swept in to a coughing stop. Then, surrounded by luggage, she was standing there, a few yards away. Or was she? He looked all round, carefully. Must be. There wasn't anyone else.

He lifted his hat. "Miss—ah"—he bent his head a little to look at her left hand, clutched around the handle of a portable typewriter—"yes, Miss Redburn?"

She nodded. "Miss Redburn is right."

He nodded. "Ah!" It was a thankful, gratified Ah. His heart was thumping slightly like a Sherman tank with a loose bearing. He looked into her face and the oil drained out of his knee joints. It was the face of a golden-haired princess, a little sad, a little wistful, watching and waiting for someone to come charging along on a white carthorse.

Then his eyes began searching into hers, and he took a sort of visual short-arm jolt. A little grim. Instead of dancing like dew-wet cornflowers in a gentle breeze, they were steady as cornflowers battling a long, dry spell.

"The back of my neck is getting sunburned," she said.

"Um? Ah! Oh, yes—er—pardon me." He lifted his hat again. He scooped up the bags and led the way to the pickup. Within minutes they were trailing dust out toward Clear Springs, 30 miles away on Sleeping Bear Mountain.

It was Miss Redburn who broke the silence. "Where you able to give me a secluded room?"

Dave nodded. "Out behind the kitchen. It overlooks the vegetable garden, the fowl-run and the woodshed."

Miss Redburn frowned. She had not meant to be taken quite so literally. "Oh," she said.

He glanced at her. "We can change it if you like; but I thought you wanted . . ." He did not smile.

"No. No, that will do nicely. I don't want to be disturbed. I've come out here to write, and write, and write." "Sounds like an awful lot of writing." "Oh, it is. Exacting. Writing demands an enormous amount of concentration."

"I suppose so. What do you write?" "Fiction stories."

"I see." He scratched his chin.

"Which magazines?" He glanced at her again. Her mind was stuttering and she reddened. She looked nice when she reddened. It seemed to drive some of the grim determination out of her eyes. "I—well, I haven't—that is, until now I've never had time to do enough consistent writing to—I mean, for any one magazine . . ." She trailed off. "Of course, I have sold some pieces," she added, a little defiantly.

Dave concentrated on the road. "I see what you mean," he said, picking her up gently. "You'd never make much money at it unless you could give it all your time."

"I am not," she answered in a slow, dignified way, "so very interested in making a lot of money at it."

"No?" Dave hoisted his eyebrows.

"No, Mr. Limpitt." Her voice had the reproachful tones of a patient Eskimo wife who has just caught her husband sneaking in around the beginning of May, after a night out. "You would probably not realize there are two kinds—those who write, shall we charitably call it, popular stories, and those who write because they have a message."

"Well, what do you know!" Dave Limpitt said, feelingly.

SO MARCIA REDBURN settled down to work. She was thorough. She was efficient. She worked to a timetable and rested her mind and body to a timetable. She ate well and walked for exercise.

Dave did nothing to any timetable. He worked as little and seldom as possible, ate when he was hungry, skipped meals if the fish were rising, and took no more exercise than was strictly necessary to get him from A to B, languidly.

He was completely relaxed, flat on his back, when Marcia found him one afternoon down near the stream.

"Not fishing?" "They're not rising yet." He turned his head and grinned at her as she dropped beside him.

There was a longish silence. Then she said, slowly, "It's none of my business, Dave, but—don't you have any ambitions of any kind? I mean . . ."

He opened one eye and squinted at her. "Of course, I do," he answered. "I have an ambition to be found happily dead at the age of 90, sitting on the bank of this stream with a rod in my hand. I'll be smiling," he added. He closed his eye then opened it again on an after-thought. "And there'll be a fish on the end of the line." He closed the eye.

She stared at him. "I can't understand you. I honestly can't, Dave. Isn't there anything you want to do?"

"Sure is." He came upright slowly, after the manner of a good-natured circus elephant sitting up.

"Ah."

"Two things. See that hole down there? Biggest trout outside a glass case lives in it. I want to catch him. And . . ."

He kissed her. It had the basic, elemental sensations of stepping on a banana peel and, at the same time, having a piece of coping fall on you from the top story of a sky-scraper. Trains thundered through tunnels with bazookas firing out all the windows.

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She loosened off slowly and said, "How did that happen?" in a foggy voice.

Dave shook his head. "I don't know; but let's play it back and see if it happens again. We start where I say, 'Sure is.'"

She jumped up suddenly. Tongues of orange flame licked out of her eyes. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" The words seemed to form lumps and choke her on their way out. "You—you drone! You impossible, spineless, apathetic, bone-bred do-nothing!"

Dave watched her out of sight. "We seemed to be doing so nicely, too," he said to himself. He thought about it for a while, then relaxed and fell slightly asleep again.

Thereafter the incident was never mentioned. Marcia continued to work. Dave continued to watch his fish through field glasses, write odd pieces for Clem Whiteley and letters to him.

THE exchange of letters ranged the entire scale of human emotions from supplications to snarls. Dave's replies were classic in their simplicity. They simply kept saying No. But he sensed that Clem Whiteley was approaching the ultimatum stage. And he knew Clem had the upper hand when it came down to cases. All he had to do was give Dave's address to the Outdoor Lovers. That was all. They would do the rest.

Every Friday, when he went over to Clorville to collect mail, supplies, and Clem's latest tear-stained entreaty, Marcia handed him a number of bulky envelopes to mail.

The envelopes came back, in due course. Without keeping any actual tally, Dave estimated that the homing envelopes were roughly equal to the number of outgoing envelopes.

In the meantime there was no recurrence of the kissing episode. Circumstances were, on one of two occasions, fraught with possibilities, but Marcia ducked at the last minute, although you could say the ducking was done with some reluctance.

"I do not," she told Dave, on one such skirmish, "intend to become entangled with a human vegetable."

Dave waited. Given time, you can catch anything. It was just a matter of patiently studying your quarry's habits, weaknesses, and tastes, and devising a bait accordingly. He had no ideas on the subject, but felt sure one would turn up sooner or later.

Then, one Friday night, she came into the big lounge with a sheaf of typescript in her hand. Her eyes were gleaming and she was walking on three inner-spring mattresses.

Dave and Mrs. Goodenough were sitting in front of the fire. Marcia dripped into an armchair, sprawled, sighed, and said: "I think I've written the best story I'll ever write."

Dave said, "Uh-hunh," absently with his voice, while his mind continued to toy with various colorful methods of disposing of Clem Whiteley's lifeless, mutilated corpse.

The letter crackled in his pocket. "I am desperate," it said. "Dave—you have got to help me. You're a young, single man. I tell you, these Lovers live on my doorstep. They haunt me. They cajole. They even threaten to disband the Club. And Clara—Dave, I'm a married man. You don't understand the attitude wives take toward this kind of thing. Dave... I saved your life, once. Have you forgotten so soon? That day in Normandy—"

"What do you mean—uh-hunh?" Water dripped off the icicles that hung from each word.

"Hunh?" Dave looked up, startled.



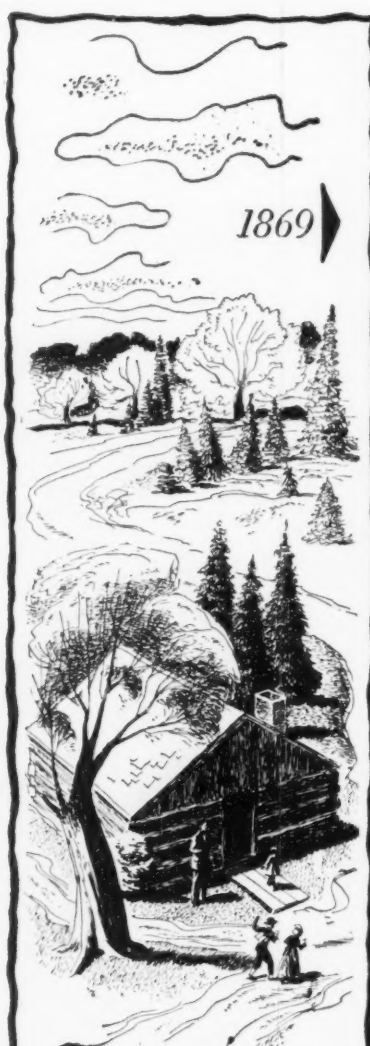
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Back in the 60's the man who knew his letters and his "Goes-into's" turned teacher for the settlers' children. Gathered round the glowing base-burner they took their first steps toward becoming citizens of a great country as the Dominie passed on to them his store of knowledge. This first voluntary teaching was soon replaced by a regular school system, for none knew better than our forefathers that no real progress can be accomplished without widespread education.



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"Oh, yes. I—ah—mean that's how it always seems. It isn't the best you'll ever write. It only seems to be at the time. That happens all the while." He congratulated himself on a neat bit of mental footwork.

The frost melted around the edge of the stare she had turned on him. "Yes. Yes, maybe you're right." Then she said, "Would you like to—read this? I want you to tell me what you think of it."

Armanella Goodenough kept her eyes on the sock she was darning without missing a word, a move, or an expression. Which is something only women can do.

Dave rubbed his chin. Whenever he looked at Marcia a hundred little frogs began leaping around excitedly in his chest. He liked the sensation and nurtured a hope that, one day, the frogs would have something to get really excited about.

But he knew that criticism is not a hothouse for burgeoning romance. When a writer asked for criticism she meant praise.

He sighed and wondered whether he would be a martyr to truth and to hell with the frogs, or lie gently and keep hoping.

It was a tough decision. And he winced visibly when she added, "I want you to tell me *honestly* what you think of it—and no punches pulled."

So Dave Limpitt lit his pipe. He took the manuscript and began reading it. Marcia twiddled. Mrs. Goodenough darned.

It was a good enough story, fairly well written. And, like Marcia, it was carefully constructed but grim around the eyes.

Very briefly, it concerned the Clivers, a farm family tortured by drought, and dust, and a searing, unrelenting sun. The heat, day after day of it, shriveled all their kindness, driving them close to madness.

Dave finished reading and sat staring at the page. He drew a deep breath, teetered for a second, then took the high dive. "I see it," he said, his voice sounding like a muffled drum at the funeral of his own bright hopes, "as a superb advertisement for full insurance coverage."

"Rain would have fixed up everything except Jed's wife."

Marcia stood up slowly. "Not being a writer," she said, "you could scarcely be expected to know how vitally necessary it is for an author to mold her work the way she sees it." She stalked out of the room.

Mrs. Goodenough dropped her darning on her lap, coughed, and looked at Dave. Dave stared at the fire to avoid her eyes.

"You certainly muffed that one," she said, at last. "You better do something," she added a minute later. "You're in love with each other."

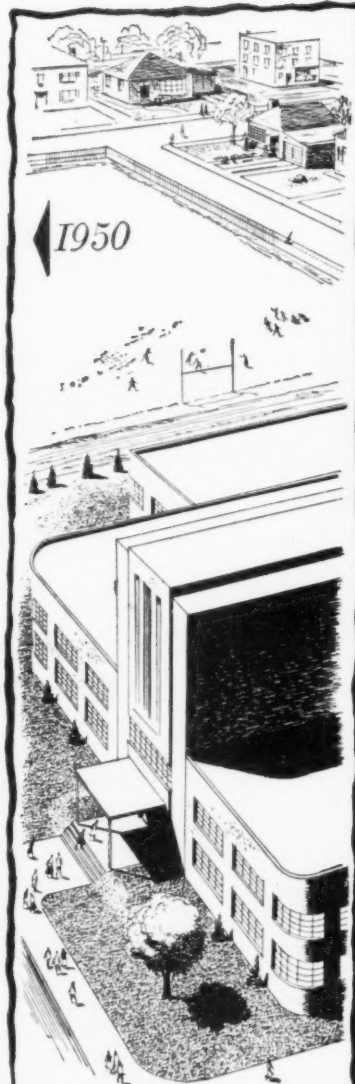
"We are?"

"Only prize fighters and lovers follow each other around with their eyes like you two."

IT MUST have been about midnight when the brilliant idea hit him. For nearly three hours his mind had been flitting from Clem's ultimatum, to Marcia, to Marcia's story like a bee on a three-flower circuit.

Then, suddenly, he realized there was a common denominator to it all. He grabbed for Clem's letter. "Women don't understand these things," Clem had written. "Especially wives."

Dave reached for his own typewriter, settled it on his knees and began pounding. "Dear Clem . . . If you must know, I have a wife of my own. We were married only a couple of weeks ago. Girl from back home. So you could say we're still kind of honey-



1950

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LIFE INSURANCE AT LOW NET COST

moon—which is why I can't possibly say okay to these Lovers of yours. Marcia would probably show them. If she has a fault, it's jealousy—a hard core of jealousy."

He should have been content to leave it at that. But no, ah no; he had to build on it. He had to add touches and refinements. He had to try to bolster it with elaborations.

"You'd like her," he added, warming to the idea. She's a writer, too. In fact, I'll enclose one of her pieces," he concluded with what he considered to be a brilliant afterthought.

It seemed a good idea at the time. It added just that little touch of conviction. So he spent another hour or so copying Marcia's story.

The days passed. And although Marcia unbent a little, it stopped there. She left no loopholes for any more opportunist kissing. She kept out of the moonlight.

Then came the day of the Great Crisis—a memorable day in many ways. First, Dave had decided he now had enough tabulated data with which to outwit Old Claptrap. The fish in question lived under an overhanging bank at a bend which the flow of the stream had undermined.

At first Dave thought he lived there because the current, hitting the bank, brought food practically right into his mouth. Maybe so. But constant study of the situation had now convinced him that the fish fed mainly on insects dropping off a clump of overhanging bushes and grass, so that the deal was to drop a fly so it would hit the overhang and slide off naturally into the water.

That was a Friday. But, because Mrs. Goodenough wanted to get a tooth fixed, she, instead of Dave, had driven over to Clorville.

Dave went early and settled into his favorite position—flat on his back—to wait for the late afternoon rise to start. He did not move until he heard them starting to plop. Then, on hands and knees, he crept up to the high bank opposite Old Claptrap's hideout and peered through the grass.

There was a plop that was loud above all others and magnified by anticipation so that it had the sound of a circus fat lady falling into a pond. Dave made his cast. The fly settled on the overhang and dropped into the water. The trout struck. Dave yelped. His line whirled out to the music of his screaming reel. He turned to face the line of the fish's run.

And what he saw caused him to stare, shudder and turn away again, quickly. Mrs. Goodenough had returned. The pickup was parked outside the lodge. Behind it was a bus with a banner streaming along its side: GREAT OUTDOOR LOVERS. An apparently endless stream of shouting, twittering, excited young women were pouring out of it, with a flurry of bare legs.

Marcia was coming toward him. She had a letter in one hand and a billet of wood, two inches in diameter by three feet long, in the other. Gunpowder flashes in her eyes, and madder, quick and sticky, in her heart.

The marrow in Dave's spine had turned to ice-water. But after the first glance he did not have time to push her any more attention. She came on. The fish was putting up the swiftest, toughest, craftiest fight Dave had ever had on the end of a line.

Then Marcia was standing beside him, peacefully, the way an ammunition dump smolders. "I would like to read you a letter," she said. It was from a Mr. Whiteley, addressed to her—Mrs. Marcia Limpitt.

Dave said, "Unh?" then, "S . . ."

"It is a long letter," she went on.

Continued on page 35

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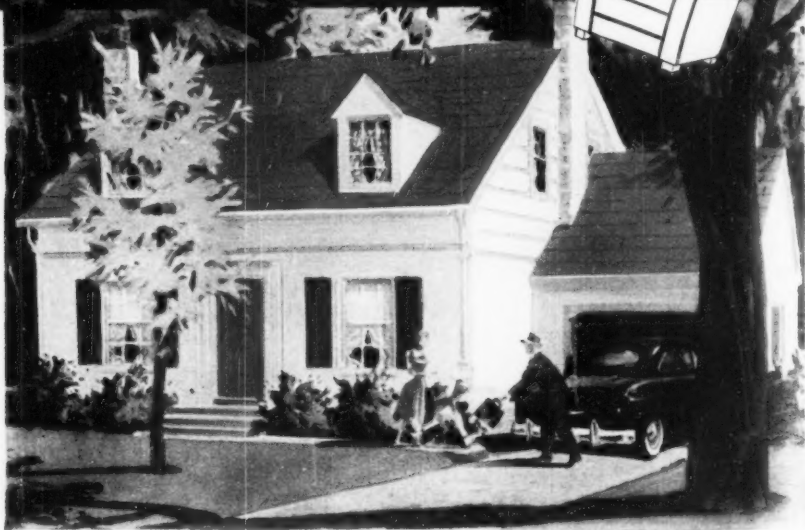
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Promise of LASTING PROSPERITY

In 1999... as in 1950...

the welfare of all Canadians will depend on the success of Canadian farmers. Modern machines not only help to increase farm production today; they also help in building soil fertility for the future.

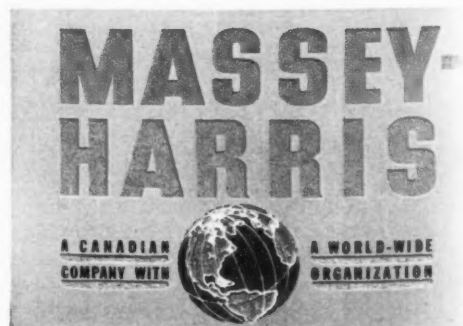


THE amazing increase in farm production and earnings has sparked an era of general prosperity for all Canadians. In 1948 and '49, Canadian farmers made 1½ billion dollars a year net, over operating expenses... which stepped up their purchases of every line of factory-made goods, from automobiles and pianos to children's toys and candy bars.

Looking to the future, another important fact is that much of the increase in farm production has been brought about by methods which tend to build soil fertility, rather than deplete it. One of the principal

factors has been the wider usage of tractors and power-farming equipment. Not only do power machines enable farmers to crop more land with less help, and devote more time to the care of livestock... they also promote such soil-building practices as trash-cover tillage, cover cropping and contour cultivation.

Expanding mechanization of Canadian farms promises continuance of high farm production, with further improvements in soil-management techniques that will go far to assure even-greater production in future years.



EVERY CANADIAN BENEFITS WHEN FARMERS ARE PROSPEROUS

Continued from page 32

"It congratulates me on just having married you. Then it goes on to say that I need not feel even the slightest twinge of jealousy toward a band of young women calling themselves The Great Outdoor Lovers who love you only for your prose and your backwoods manliness. Those are Mr. Whiteley's words."

"Hah!" Dave said, reeling in furiously as the fish made a run toward him.

"Have you anything to say before I begin beating your brains out?"

"Well—ah... no. That is—"

"A further question: Do you clearly understand why I propose to smack your head down into your chest?"

"Er..."

"Because a fleeting madness prompted you to describe me as your wife?" She shook her head, hefting the cudgel. "No. No, Dave Limpitt. Listen to this: 'We like your story and we would like to use it—after, with your permission, adding a paragraph in which the rains come in time to save the crops, put out the fire, and drown Jed's wife in the flooded creek!'" Marcia's voice began to crack. "Everything else I could overlook. I could even laugh about it, in a tolerantly amused way, in the calmer, distant years to come. But this, this..."—she flourished the letter under his nose—"telling them to alter my story the way you think it ought to be—why, you sneaking, two-timing, meddling heel, I'll—"

What she intended to do was obvious and had painful possibilities.

Dave had not told them anything of the kind. But this was no time for denials. He was about to be pulped for the only crime he did not commit. He caught the grey blur of this small log as it rose in the air. He ducked and grabbed her wrist. Marcia dropped the log and the letter. She whaled into him, pushing and pummeling at his chest with her fists.

There was some confusion. The Great Outdoor Lovers were swarming over the hill toward them. He saw that, then one of Marcia's fists connected with his right eye and a hundred traffic lights began blinking. He was trying to hold Marcia with one hand and the fish with the other, during which difficult manoeuvre he made a false step.

The next thing they were both as wet as it was possible to get and standing in water that was cold, fast and waist-deep.

This diversion gave Old Claptrap an opportunity he had never dared to hope for. The line slackened and he dove for a dead tree which both he and Dave had known to be submerged in the middle of the pool. And that was that.

The line floated free. Marcia continued to hammer.

Very carefully, Dave pushed his rod up onto the bank. "Now," he said, with a kind of rumbling finality, glaring down at her with his one good eye, "I think I'll drown you. Yes. That's what I'll do. I'll take you firmly—"

He took her firmly. Yes. But he did not drown her. No. Somehow the lines got mixed at the switch. He took her firmly and kissed her.

Dave Limpitt kissed that girl the way 40 gaping young Great Outdoor Lovers had never seen anyone kissed before, nor likely to again. A sigh went up from them. This was the very essence of Great Outdoor Loving.

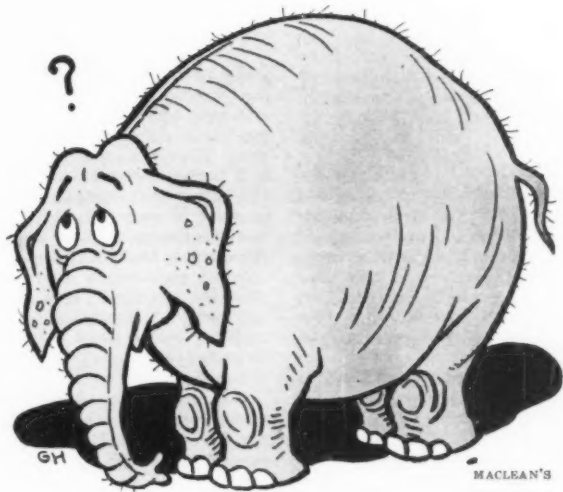
Marcia's fists hammered more furiously. Then less furiously. Then they stopped hammering and she held herself stiff. Then she was not holding herself so stiff. Then she was not holding herself stiff at all. Then...

It took some little time, during the passing of which neither was able to draw even half a lungful of air.

It was Dave who first pulled back a little. But Marcia clung to him. "Do that again," she said. "I can beat your brains out later." ★

CARTOON CANTOS

By Graham Hunter



An elephant never forgets, so they say,
October right through to September.
I suppose I should cheer, but actually what
Does an elephant have to remember?

Milk

is well-protected by

Aluminum

An "Inside Story"



1. The nourishing glass of milk from Grandma is the happy ending to this story. It started when Nature put aluminum in the earth itself. That is why this important mineral is right in the milk we drink.



2. And Nature gave aluminum qualities that make it ideal in contact with food. Many milk pails... many parts of modern milking machines are made of aluminum.



3. From farm to dairy... from country to city... rich, wholesome Canadian milk is being increasingly carried in aluminum containers to reach you fresh and pure.



4. And to cap it all, many bottles of milk are protection-sealed with shining aluminum foil tops. Aluminum assures cleanliness for this most sensitive of all foods.

No other material is more "food-friendly" than aluminum. Whenever you see aluminum on the outside of a food or a drink, there's an "inside story" of perfectly protected flavour, quality and purity.

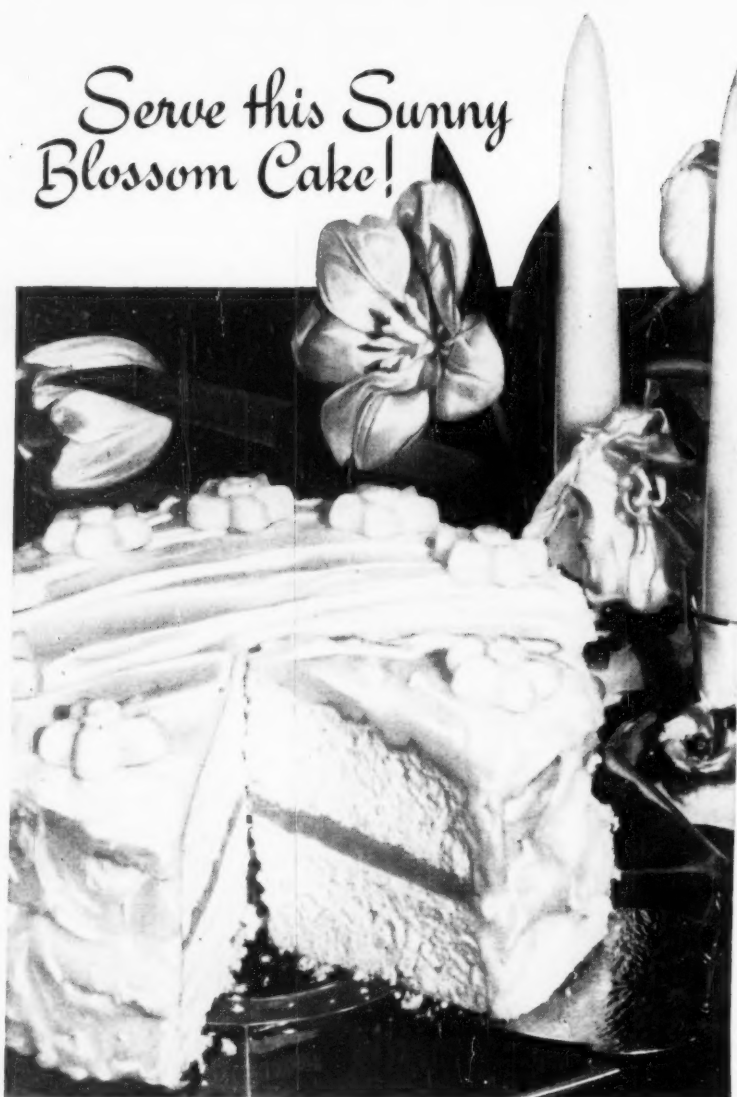
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Hints to the Housewife!

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Aluminum is friendly to food!

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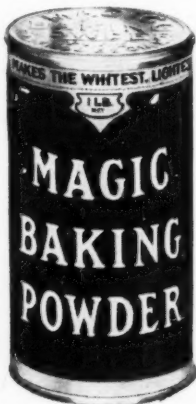
Put your trust in pure, wholesome Magic Baking Powder for cake successes every time.

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MAGIC BLOSSOM CAKE

2½ cups sifted cake flour	¾ tsp. salt	¾ cup milk
4 tps. Magic Baking Powder	12 tbsps. shortening	1½ tps. vanilla
	1¼ cups fine granulated sugar	4 egg whites

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream shortening (or mixture of butter and shortening); gradually blend in 1 cup of the sugar and cream well. Measure milk and add vanilla. Very gradually blend about a third of the flavored milk into creamed mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in remaining ¼ cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture will stand in peaks. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of the remaining milk and combining lightly after each addition. Add meringue and fold gently until combined. Turn into two 8" round cake pans which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 30 to 35 minutes. Put cold cakes together with lemon filling; when set, frost all over with yellow-tinted vanilla butter icing and decorate with candy "blossoms".



Junk

Continued from page 21

of new alloys is a headache to scrap industry because it means the junkman has to sort and grade his wares into as many as 275 different pigeonholes. A tin can, for example, if mixed with scrap steel could wreck the resultant product, for tin is the most dangerous of all impurities found in steelmaking scrap. Until the last war scrap dealers frowned on the lowly can. But now there's a new industry allied to the junk business—the de-tinning plants—and tin has become profitable.

Junkmen regard scrap not as a commodity but as a crop and they harvest it like farmers. They've figured out that steel returns to scrap at the rate of 3% a year. Junkmen have also found that rural areas produce more scrap per capita than big cities. An average farm has about 25 tons of iron and steel lying around in old trucks, tractors, milk cans, roofing sheets and so on. This represents close to three quarters of a ton of scrap at all times.

Railroads, which are in the junk business on their own, provide 80 different kinds of scrap. Many large industries make big savings out of it. General Electric did a \$2,750,000 business in scrap in one plant in 1948.

But the largest regular source of scrap comes from the 2 million broken-down cars that North Americans consign to the junkyard every year. One old-time wrecker has described this branch of the industry succinctly: "We wash 'em and squash 'em." In Canada's largest auto-wrecking yard, Levy Auto Parts, of Weston, Ont., 5,000 smashed and tubercular vehicles sit on their battered haunches waiting to be stripped of their loot and mashed into a solid block of metal by big hydraulic presses. They stretch for endless rows over 43 acres, every make, model and year. In "bastard row" extinct breeds such as Durants and Hupmobiles linger on, in case somebody needs a spare part.

Jeeps Answer the Call

Lazarus Levy, who founded this auto graveyard, started out 20 years ago with two wrecked cars. He died last year with a multi-million-dollar business on his hands. Now his four sons carry on. They get their cars from private citizens, from highway wrecks, from used-car lots and from the police. Last May one cop stopped a vintage Ford with doors tightly welded to body and roof held up by wooden beams. It went to the junk pile.

Prices at Levy's vary wildly. In one day recently they paid \$10 for an old jalopy and \$1,500 for three smashed trucks. Two tow trucks are constantly on the go hauling the 2,000 or more vehicles that pass through the yard each year. War veteran manager Al Raskin can tell at a glance just how much an old car will realize on the junk market.

Mechanics strip everything saleable from these cars, marking each part with make, model and year. Slow movers are dumped at the back, where Levy's always keeps one of everything. Each part goes through huge degreasing vats and sandblasters, is checked for cracks, welds and wear, and is rebuilt if necessary. Radiators are dismantled, cleaned, tested and repaired. Tires are classed as resaleable or scrap. Batteries go straight to the junkpile.

The parts are stockpiled rafter high, box upon box, in a 2,040 foot building. If a customer wants a part that isn't in the warehouse, the yardmaster glances at the master chart which gives

the condition and location of every vehicle. He barks an order into a loudspeaker and one of five red jeeps scoots out to pick it up. Only occasionally does Levy's get stung; the experts are still blushing over the day when they bought a 1921 Cadillac from a distinguished-looking old gent, only to find a four-cylinder Model A Ford motor under the hood.

Levy's sells various sections of its cars to other junk dealers. After mechanics strip off usable parts, scrapmen denude the body of tin, brass, copper and aluminum. These are sold to nonferrous (anything but iron or steel) junk dealers. Tires are sold to junkmen who specialize in rubber. After the windows and seats are removed the car is set afire and the wood burned out. The hulk is sold to a junk firm as scrap at \$10 to \$18 a ton. The junk firm processes it and sells it to a steel mill for \$21 to \$25 a ton.

Levy's deals with one of the largest of these junk firms—Western Iron and Metal Co., of Toronto. On its 200,000 square foot yard, 113 helmeted and gauntleted workers process 10,000 tons of scrap a month. Like most of the country's leading junkmen, Western's president, 53-year-old Sam Wortsman, was born in Russia of Jewish parents. He started with a borrowed \$500, a pushcart and a tiny yard, 21 years ago. Now he drives a fishtail Cadillac and he and his four sons do a \$3 million annual business.

Where Toupees Come From

Western's yard is literally a factory with its alligator shears, ponderous hydraulic presses, overhead locomotive and tractor cranes, magnets, truck scales and cutting torches. Besides buying factory scrap and old car bodies from Levy's the yard is also fed by 150 one-truck junkies and smaller dealers for whom Western acts as broker. A modern junkyard of only average size represents a half-million-dollar investment.

Although iron and steel scrap forms the biggest single slice of the junk business there are many fortunes being made out of bones which go to glue and fertilizer factories; waste plastics, used to make buttons and handles; feathers, for pillows, sawdust, used in sweeping compounds, explosives, linoleums, plastics and doll stuffings; and old bottles and glass, which, when smashed up, go into new bottles and glass.

The five big categories, aside from scrap, however, are: nonferrous metals, rags, wastepaper, and rubber and hair—in that order. Human hair swept off the barbershop may find its way into Bing Crosby's toupee, but animal hair is the mainstay of this branch of the business. It comes from slaughterhouses, farms, tanneries and hat manufacturers. It must be graded and cleaned by the junkman. The most valuable hair comes from horses' tails and the best grade is white which is upward of 23 inches in length. It is used in violin bows. But hair has dozens of other uses from ceiling plaster to machinery belts.

The nonferrous scrap business centres in Montreal, which is also headquarters for the big scrap brokers who buy for mining companies.

Metals like copper and aluminum, virtually indestructible, come to the junkyards from a thousand different sources. The aluminum pans which went into fighter aircraft during the war, for instance, are back in the kitchens today. Lead is next in durability but a good deal of it does not return to scrap. It goes into paint, lead foil, bullets and antiknock gas and never comes back.

In this market prices fluctuate

stocks. Lead from car batteries brought 15 cents a pound early this year, dropped to a nickel by March and rose to a dime in May. Some dealers make killings by selling short—taking orders when the price is up, making deliveries when the price is down.

Tin is selling for 77 cents a pound at this writing, and is considered the precious metal of the junkyard. It has a long, profitable life. A tin oilcan may go out of the country filled with fuel oil, return full of vegetable oil, go out again with fuel oil and finally wander back as a tin soldier made in Japan.

The big rag branch of junk is close on the heels of nonferrous metals like tin. Rags are sorted by hand, usually by women, and cut up on slicing machines. They go into things like roofing paper and fine stationery. Select cotton rags go into "wipers," squares of cloth used to clean machines, windows, and so on. They're a necessity in every factory, garage, industry and army. Besides the stringent washing, sterilization and grading process that all rags go through wipers are tested for absorbency. Their price, between \$3 and \$17 a ton, depends on this quality.

Indians Don't Like Pants

Ragmen point out that, unlike industrial concerns, the government doesn't specify certain grades of wipers for certain jobs but always buys the most expensive—whether for wiping floors or delicate instruments. The trade estimates the taxpayers could save a quarter of a million dollars a year if cheaper wipers were bought for certain jobs.

All cotton rags enjoy a steady market. Prices range from \$3 a ton for pink corset scraps to \$24 for the best factory cuttings. Sometimes ragmen get a windfall; a Toronto dealer bought a load of mattresses from a hotel and found \$1,500 hidden in one of them.

The bagging end of the industry is also prosperous. Bags turn up in a variety of products. The Paris office of UNRRA once wired its Vienna branch: "Please immediately return sacks last shipment of clothes packed in stop sacks scarce." Vienna wired back: "Impossible return sacks stop have been made into clothes stop clothes scarce."

Some of the old clothes which go into the ragman's bag aren't reconverted into cloth or paper. India buys \$750,000 worth of them a year—least popular are pants. In China, Turkey, Egypt and South America there's a heavy demand for old bowler hats.

The wastepaper branch of junk, fourth in size, presents a complex problem to the junkmen because of the multitude of inks and dyes the 50 classifications contain. A few sheets of carbon paper in a load of good quality wastepaper can freckle the new paper with black spots, ruining the run. Last

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year Canadian industry gobbled up 290,000 tons of wastepaper. Mixed wastepaper brings \$6 a ton to the junkman. No. 1 white envelope cuttings are worth \$100.

Scrap rubber ranges from old hot-water bottles to vulcanized raincoats but the core of the industry is old tires and inner tubes which can be seen stacked by the hundreds in the rubber junkman's yard, waiting to be stripped into rubber and fabric, both marketable. From the junkyard it goes to rubber-reclaiming factories to be processed into great rubber slabs from which doormats, ring washers, and insulation strips are made. One large reclaiming plant can equal a day's crude rubber production of 10 million rubber trees. Your old rubber tires are worth about 15 cents each to the junk dealer today. Black inner tubes bring 3 cents; red ones, 6 cents.

There's nothing, it seems, that you can't do with an old spare tire. One casing, for example, will make three pairs of shoes for markets in India, Spain, Mexico, South America or the Near East. Junkmen have put old tires on the wheels of horse-drawn carts, cut up tires as buffers on wharves of boats, sunk them as anchorages for growing oysters. One Canadian junkman rushed two boatloads of old tires to Rio de Janeiro where government forces used them as barricades in a revolution. Another dealer sold old inner tubes to South American women who cut them in two, removed the valve, slit the rubber endwise, trimmed the resultant strip, laced it up and wore the result as reducing girdles. Other junkmen have sold rubber garden hose to Mexican natives and shown them how to cut it into three-foot lengths and use it for administering pills to cattle.

Soil Into Building Blocks

Inventive junkmen can make money out of anything. Recently a clock manufacturer sold a load of faulty alarm clocks which weren't worth fixing to a Canadian junkman. He shipped them to a South American junkman who sold them as entertainment to Indians (they liked the noise). The South American, however, kept all the keys and now charges his customers a peso a piece for rewinding.

This business of seeking new uses for worn-out trash spurted ahead during World War II. The biggest salvage research firm in the world is England's Alexander Cole Ltd., of Ilford, Essex. It was junkman Cole who made phonograph records out of old bowler hats, extracting scarce shellac from the stiffening in the brim. Conversely, when the records get broken, Cole can turn them into switch control handles, radiolocation parts, drafts, dominoes. He has also developed a method for getting the wax off old wax paper and re-utilizing both products.

Junkmen learned to convert old hemp ropes into cigarette paper, a bit of information that may unnervise some smokers and cause no surprise to others.

In peacetime the search for new uses for old waste still goes on. In one process, developed jointly by U. S. and Canadian junkmen, the waste generated in making rope from sisal plant fibre now transforms soil into building blocks. A second process, developed in the U. S., utilizes organic salt and certain waste chemicals and can in five hours turn common garden soil into blocks suitable for building roads and landing fields. Neither of these processes has yet reached the commercial production stage but the latter is being studied by U. S. Government experts.

Some current junk conversions are now nearing completion. One process for converting wastepaper into coarse yarns for twines, burlap, carpet stuffing; and a means of converting wastepaper into feed for cattle feed, alcohol for yeast for poultry.

With this sort of research, the future of the junk business looks pretty rosy. But some junkmen point a pessimistic finger over Canada's rapidly depleting supply of scrap iron and steel. Millions of tons of Canadian scrap were blown apart in Europe and Asia during the recent war. Now for every \$6 millions in scrap we export we have to import \$13 millions. The solution: retrieve the scrap we left in Europe. There's an estimated 45 to 18 million tons of it in Germany alone, enough to make any junkman's mouth water. The British have already lifted 1 million tons of this and the Americans have contracted for a similar amount. Canada expects to get 100,000 tons of it this year. The first shipment of 6,800 tons arrived in Montreal from Hamburg last May 5.

A Rail, a Tramp and a Car

Meanwhile the harvesting of the great junk crop goes on the rags, bones, and bottles jingle on the junkman's cart and the dollars jingle in his pocket. All this is enough to make Edwin C. Barringer, vice-president of the Institute of Scrap Iron and Steel, wax lyrical on the subject. He says:

"I never see a pile of scrap as such. What I see are objects that made for a

Unlucky Bag

Far better to have loved and lost

Than when the tumult dies,

Find one, you thought you won,
took you

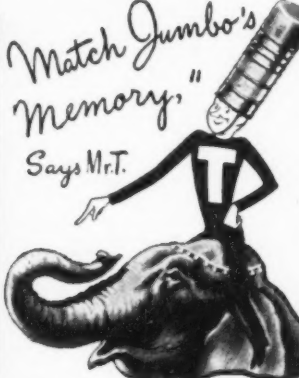
As consolation prize!

— Don Marshall.

comfortable way of life yesterday and at the same time a raw material for a still better way tomorrow. I like to conjure up a fanciful story that could very easily be true concerning a rail that was laid in the first transcontinental railway.

"This rail had existed in some form from the beginning of time, but we pick it up as a rail that served a useful purpose for several decades, after which it was removed, reduced to scrap and, along with some pig iron, remelted in an open-hearth furnace. So that the resulting steel was rolled into a ship plate which, in the hull of a tramp freighter, plied the Seven Seas for several decades, winding up on the beach and eventually in a scrap yard. Properly prepared this plate was shipped to a steel mill, melted down, and this time rolled into a thin sheet which is the body of your car. And when some auto wrecker scrapes this body to a baler it is on its way, being reincarnated into another use of existence." ★

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A Miracle at Uptergrove

Continued from page 9

there then be a disease to which only Catholics are susceptible?"

In the past doctors have also tried to explain stigmatization by recourse to psychological processes such as suggestion, auto-suggestion, catalepsy, somnambulism, hallucination, self-hypnosis, mass-hypnosis, and most of all, hysteria. One group of psychiatrists has long held that the cause is "a martyr complex, a pathological desire to suffer." Another group believes it stems from a "desire above all else to escape pain." One doctor explains it as "a subconscious mental action which affects the higher nerve centres controlling tissue nutrition in certain spots." Another, a skin specialist, explains it as "autographism and dermatographism... a rare skin affliction occasioned by religious hysteria."

Women who have the neurosis of hysteria are invariably abnormal—suspicious, undecided, restless, anxious, emotional, sensitive. Psychiatrists as well as doctors told me that Mrs. McIsaac seemed quite normal mentally. All agreed that, for the cause of the phenomenon to be deception, she would have to be "hopelessly abnormal." The fact that the wounds are there and bleed spontaneously, they said, would seem to definitely eliminate any possibility of fraud.

Although the church, like most of the doctors who have seen Mrs. McIsaac, has not committed itself to an explanation for her condition, its doctrine insists that no natural or worldly explanation is always necessary. The first prayer of the mass on September 17, set aside by the church to commemorate the stigmatization of St. Francis, exactly 726 years ago this month, begins: "O Lord Jesus Christ, who, when the world grew cold, didst renew the sacred marks of Thy passion in the flesh of the most blessed Francis, to inflame our hearts with the fire of Thy love..."

Archbishop Teodorowicz, of Lemberg, considered the church's leading student of stigmatization, sees certain connections between today's stigmatists and today's unhappy humanity: "In a day when humanity is bereft of all nobler sentiments, a human body appears covered with wounds, bathed in blood, but in a magnificent spiritual state. God sends this phenomenon as a warning call. The passion of Christ is once more accomplished in the consciousness of the stigmatized, even as in the long ago."

Like Archbishop Teodorowicz, most Catholic leaders believe that the stigmata are bestowed not only, nor even primarily, to reward very holy persons for their burning love of God, but principally for the sake of others—"of as many as may be reached by their message." Other churchmen hold that by their sufferings the stigmatists expiate the sins of all mankind as well as their own.

In The Middle of a Word

The church also takes into consideration that, if supernatural, stigmata may be the work of the devil as well as of God. "This does not mean that in such an instance the stigmatized person would necessarily be co-operating with Satan," a church official explains. "Indeed it would be much more likely for the devil to use the body of a very good person without his or her knowledge or permission to lure souls away from God."

Of equal importance with the physical manifestations of the stigmata, in



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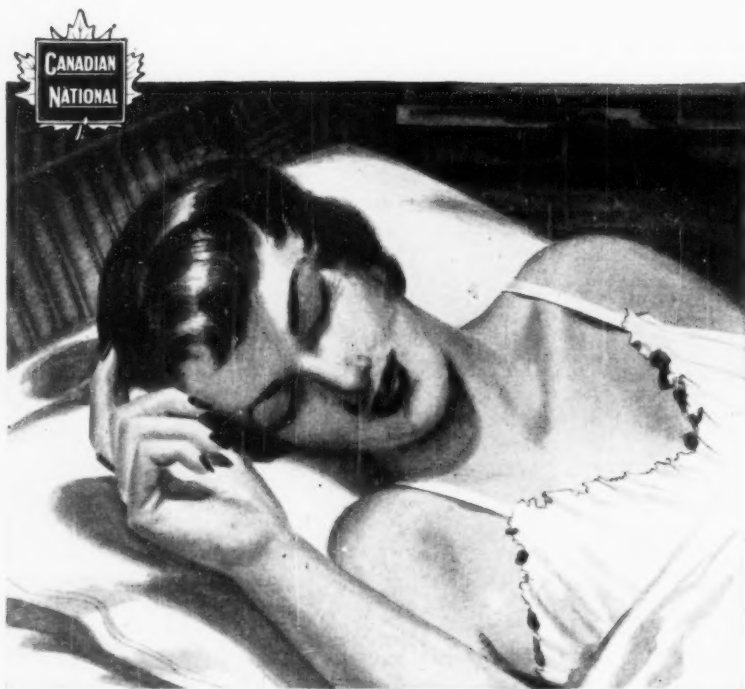
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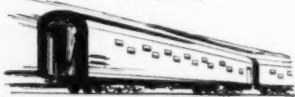
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CANADIAN NATIONAL

the eyes of the church, are the mystical or ecstatic manifestations associated with stigmatization. Though not all mystics have had the marks of the wounds, all true stigmatists, according to the church, have been granted ecstasies or visions and have received their stigmata while in this state.

I discussed this informally with a priest who is an authority on mysticism and who has investigated this side of the McIsaac case. Although he had no authority to speak for the church he told me that he personally was convinced the Uptergrove housewife became an ecstatic when she received her first stigmata. Prefacing his remarks with, "If I were arguing for the supernatural explanation of Mrs. McIsaac's case," he said:

"Besides her normal state Mrs. McIsaac has three other states which are usually associated with stigmatization in the spiritual sense. The first of these states is called 'complete ecstasy.' This is the Friday state during which the wounds bleed, and in the agonies of pain she has visions of the Sacred Passion and other scenes from church history. It begins with the condition familiar to mysticism, the raptus, an instantaneous surrender of the whole being to a supernatural compulsion." He said that this came upon Mrs. McIsaac very suddenly, often in the middle of a word, as once when she was in the midst of describing a dress. In this state she answers no questions and does not respond to touch.

The priest referred to the second state as "prepossession," which he said occurred mostly during pauses in the Friday ordeal and immediately afterward.

"Although she speaks and has personal consciousness, this state is marked by the absence of any *scientia acquisita* (anything learned or acquired through experience)," he said.

"At this point Mrs. McIsaac's manner of expression—though not the content of what she says—is childlike. She answers questions about what she has seen in visions. The ecstatic visions seem orientated to church liturgy. Nearly all the contents conform with the liturgical season in which they occur. Visions of the Passion do not take place on Fridays on which the church does not especially commemorate the suffering of Christ, such as the Fridays between Christmas and Ash Wednesday, and those between Easter and Corpus Christi. The wounds bleed less on these Fridays too. Like the visions and the bleeding, the pain of the wounds is also measured by the liturgical period. During Lent the feet especially cause more pain. On Good Friday the pain is worse than at any other time and the wounds bleed more. Only on this day do all the wounds (especially those on the back and right shoulder) bleed."

This authority claims that Mrs. McIsaac's visions are accurate as to details of background, architecture, dress, manners and language. "In the visions of the Passion, for instance, not only does she hear the vernacular of the time and place, Aramaic, but distinguishes between dialects of this tongue. She describes the pots of pitch, lamps, Roman eagles, fasces, and other objects in very simple language but in great detail."

The priest claims that at one time Mrs. McIsaac, during a vision of the Virgin Mary, wrote out a prayer she had heard in Latin. But in describing a vision involving St. Bernadette at Lourdes she used the French dialect of the Pyrenees.

He described her third state as "one of exalted rest, an ecstatic sleep or coma which occurs most often after she has received Holy Communion." With

closed eyes, he says, Mrs. McIsaac talks and gestures animatedly. "She seems to look into the souls of men and know the past and to some extent the future."

Once when a visiting priest touched her hand and asked her what she would do to be a better priest she had to have replied: "Read your breviary every day as you are supposed to. You know you have neglected to read it for over three months." The priest is said to have admitted this was true. Another time, the same witness told me, a sceptical American bishop was surprised to hear her repeat the exact words of his doubts which he had expressed to a companion while driving to Uptergrove.

Some Talk of Miracles

Whether or not these stories are true there is no doubt that Mrs. McIsaac's strange ordeal has given a fillip to local legend and has prompted talk of miracles in the quiet little town of Uptergrove.

No fewer than 31 persons, including eight priests, solemnly assured me that the rain does not rain on her, that she has walked home from church through violent thunderstorms and has arrived absolutely dry, even to the soles of her shoes. At St. Michael's Palace, in Toronto, church officials admitted they had heard of these reports, but would not comment on them.

At various times people in Uptergrove have reported seeing "a mysterious light of great brightness in the sky over the McIsaac home on Good Friday," and smelling the perfume of roses in the Uptergrove church in the middle of winter, just as the priest raised the host at the consecration part of the mass.

These and other stories of supernatural manifestations of one kind or another, of prophecies, and of miraculous cures, are part of the aura that surrounds the Uptergrove stigmatist. It is impossible to say where fact, if there is any, stops and imagination takes over, or whether they are all just fictitious parts of the legend that invariably builds up about all stigmatists. Nevertheless, many people believe them and many claim to have seen them happen.

Father Doyle, the Orillia pastor, told me that a Boston bishop, a church expert on mysticism, said after a visit to Uptergrove: "There are more evidences of a supernatural origin in the case of Mrs. McIsaac than even in the case of Theresa Neumann, and I have seen both."

About half of the 204 inhabitants of the one-store, two-church village of Uptergrove, a tiny collection of ancient and time-battered dwellings straddling Ontario Highway No. 12, are Catholics. The rest are Protestants. The distinction is less than in bigger Ontario towns, for in Uptergrove there is no friction or clannishness. Protestants and Catholics often attend the same garden parties and bingos and work together in the fields. By no means all the Catholics there believe Mrs. McIsaac's stigmata are God-given. Nor are all the Protestants certain that they are not.

The people of Uptergrove have known Mrs. McIsaac all her life. They knew her when she was Eva Baye, one of the five children of Uptergrove farmer Frank Baye and his wife—a dark pretty little girl with pigtails. Her paternal grandfather was a full-blooded French-speaking Indian, one of the first to come from Quebec to the nearby Huron reservation at Rama. As she grew up they saw her go to Fair Valley public school down on the Third Line. She is only



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an average student, poor at memorizing, uninterested in history or geography. She didn't go to high school; not all country girls did in those days.

Uptergrove knew Eva Baye as a bright and happy young woman with beautiful deep brown eyes and a friendly smile. They watched her marry farmer Don McIsaac and begin to raise a family. They watched her, too, in sorrow, when two of her children died in childhood. For years they watched her go to mass every morning.

A Cheerful, Busy Housewife

It was in 1937 that Mrs. McIsaac's life began to change. For that year she claimed to have had a vision and the first of the stigmata appeared—a small painful sore on the back of her right hand. She is said to have tried to hide it at first, but when the family discovered it she let them send her to doctor after doctor. Several treatments and medications were tried but the sore did not heal.

Over the next three years the other wounds appeared, gradually deepening until the hands seemed to be pierced through to the palms, and the feet to the insteps. For some time the wounds in the hands prevented her from grasping any object firmly, and those on the feet made walking painful and difficult. They were tender and bled easily when touched. Most painful of all was the side wound, particularly after it deepened.

Gradually the pain eased off six days of the week, but increased yearly in intensity on Fridays. By 1940, when the last of the stigmata appeared, the pain and bleeding were confined to Fridays between 6 and 9, and from 11 p.m. on Holy Thursday to midnight on Good Friday.

The church early became interested in Mrs. McIsaac's strange affliction. By 1940 Father M. J. Nealon, who was then parish priest of Uptergrove, was convinced that it was the authentic stigmata and drew the attention of his superiors to his parishioner. It was Father Nealon who, in 1943, interested Cardinal McGuigan in the phenomenon. Father Nealon, who is at present in Rome, was later succeeded by more sceptical Father G. P. Crothers, the present pastor of Uptergrove.

From 1940 on, Mrs. McIsaac's three-hour Friday night agonies became a more and more terrifying sight.

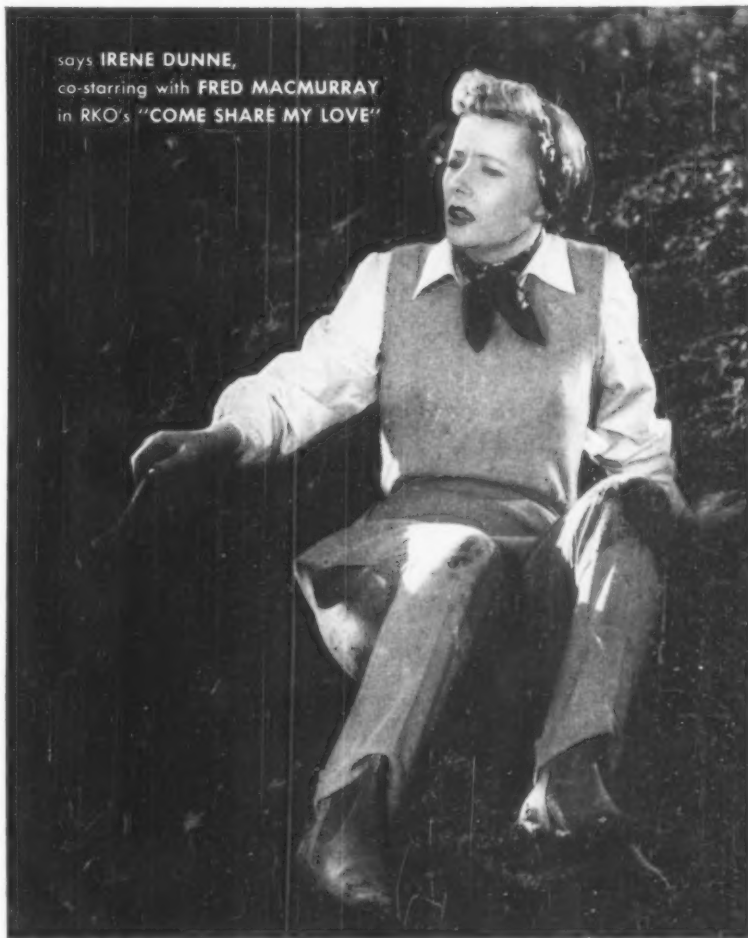
Today, at 48, shortish, stoutish Mrs. McIsaac is a cheerful and busy housewife, in spite of her more than 10 years of suffering. She dresses simply and plainly, eats sparingly, and fasts often. She does her own housework, looks after her husband and six children. Her eldest daughter recently graduated as a nurse from St. Michael's Hospital. Her eldest son helps on the farm. Her second son is at high school in Barrie. Her third son attends public school in Uptergrove, as do the two young girls who have been born since the stigmata appeared.

Though the McIsaac home can be seen from the church in winter it is reached by a roundabout dirt road that skirts the town. It is a two-story red-brick house which has seen better days. Beside it is an unpainted barn, greyed by weather and age. The house is set back against a patch of virgin forest and ringed with cedar trees and bushes.

Mrs. McIsaac's stigmata have not confined her to her home. She attended the Marian Congress in Ottawa and last summer made a trip to Halifax. More recently she participated in the anniversary celebrations at the Martyrs' Shrine at Midland, Ont., where at

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says IRENE DUNNE,
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We spent 5 hours rehearsing and retaking this scene in "Come Share My Love." The cold, wet mud left my hands taut and rough...



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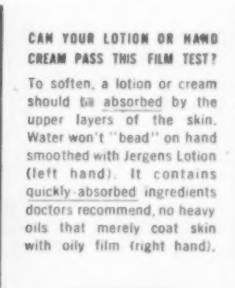
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every mass crowds gathered about her and asked her blessing. Now she's planning a trip to Rome to see the Pope.

The stigmata have not apparently brought any change in the family's fortunes. The McIsaacs have their share of family sickness. Indeed, since the stigmata appeared Mrs. McIsaac has been gradually losing her hearing and her eyes have weakened until now she wears spectacles.

Financially, too, they are apparently no better off. They accept no

donations of any kind from visitors and it is common gossip in the town that when an imaginative promoter tried to talk his way in to see her to sell her on a "million-dollar scheme" he was run off the farm.

It surprises visitors that the people of Uptergrove appear unmoved by the phenomenon in their midst. But, as one old-timer says, "It isn't as if it was something new. Been going on now for more than 10 years. I guess we've just come to accept it as a fact and let it go at that." ★

Britain Has a War in Asia, Too

Continued from page 5

accident of death. In New York, where political opinion is usually born of prejudice, my journalist friends told me that Truman was a weakling, a pale shadow of Roosevelt, a mere caretaker hardly strong enough to hold the key. "When he runs next time," they said, "he won't know what hit him."

On the day previous to my appointment in Washington the President had made his annual State of the Union speech. Seldom has any political leader received such violent newspaper treatment. The last adjectives of ridicule and wrath were scraped from the barrel I expected to find him harassed and more than a little impatient at having to receive a visitor from London.

His desk was clear of any papers and his manner was friendly, frank and calm. Instead of saying, which would have been understandable, that he could only give me a few minutes, his manner suggested that he was glad to meet someone from London and that his time was mine. When I told him that I had expected to see his desk covered with newspaper clippings he only smiled. "Usually I can tell in advance what each newspaper will say," he replied. "You see I was in the senate for quite a time." Then he almost chuckled. "If they had been stuck," he said, "I think I could have written their editorials for them."

And suddenly I realized that this was a formidable man, for let there be no misunderstanding about the power of the Press. The printed word has an alchemy that far outstrips the spoken word even when it is relayed to millions by the microphone. Yet this ex-soldier of the first war, this ex-haberdasher, this ex-senator was as undisturbed as the captain of a ship safe in harbor.

There was a large globe on a spiral the opposite end of the room. "General Eisenhower gave me that," he said. "I keep that part of the world facing me where we must look for trouble—the Far East. I intend to leave the globe for the next President."

"But won't you be the next President?" I asked.

His face suddenly clouded and there was no longer a smile in his eyes. "My best friends wouldn't wish that on me," he said. Then the mood passed and we discussed conditions in Britain.

In my life I have known most of the men who have dominated the world's destiny in their political lifetime—the brilliant Lloyd George, the sombre Bonar Law, the sensitive Neville Chamberlain, the posturing Mussolini, the mighty Roosevelt and even the bullet-headed Kerensky whose 1917 revolution paved the way for Trotsky and Lenin.

And by no means would I number Harry S. Truman as the least of them. Like Stanley Baldwin, and to some extent Clement Attlee, he is formidable because he is a man who is at peace

with himself. He is not swayed by clamor or the passing hysteria of the mob. He will give his mind to the consideration of opposing opinions but, in the end, he will trust his instincts in the belief that he is in tune with the emotions and the aspiration of the ordinary American.

Now he is facing a testing time which might well crush a less calm and resolute figure. The times are out of joint and more than any other man he must try to put them right. Already his country has faced the military humiliation of discovering that its armor is inferior to that which Russia supplied the North Koreans. The mighty giant of America had to see its soldiers die because the oncoming tanks could not be destroyed.

Pinned Down In Malaya

In the two world wars it was the British who took the humiliation of unpreparedness and gave to the United States the time to arm themselves with modern equipment. Nor did the British escape the tongue of calumny. America is discovering that democracies by their very nature are never as prepared for war as dictatorships. That is the tragedy and, in some ways, the greatness of democracy.

But Truman's task does not end with the military factor. He must see to it that the relations of America and Great Britain are not strained by the disappointments and disillusionments of events. Therefore he will have to be frank with American public opinion, especially that great section of it that lies in the Middle West and comes under the baleful influence of the Chicago Tribune.

The Marshall Plan was a supreme gesture of enlightenment and world consciousness, of generosity and justifiable self-interest. America hoped to build in Western Europe an economy and a system of defense that would act as a barrier against the encroachment of Communism. Understandably there must be many Americans who had hoped that in case of trouble the soldiers of France and Britain, armed by America, could handle the situation.

When the Communist bandits started their campaign in Malaya the Americans regarded it, again understandably, as a colonial affair which concerned Britain alone. It was, in fact, no such thing. It was as much part of the Russian military campaign as the attack by North Korea against South Korea. Since then Malaya has pinned down a large proportion of Britain's military strength, just as the rebellion in Indo-China has robbed France of her divisions. Korea did not begin World War III; it was only a continuation of the opening phase.

It is true that French interests were threatened in Indo-China, and British interests in Malaya, whereas Korea was in no sense a direct concern of the U.S. I agree that that is an important psychological difference, but does it stand the test of logic? For more than

Continued on page 45

Taking Mary to play golf



Taking Mary to play golf



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Continued from page 42

two years the British and the French have been resisting the Russian advance in Asia. For more than two years the Americans have not been drawn directly into the battle. Neither Britain nor France asked for assistance but it does not alter the fact that Asia is the battlefield and the result concerns all the Western Powers, no matter whose troops are engaged and whose disengaged.

The Americans will argue that the war with North Korea was to be waged by the United Nations, not merely the United States. Why then should the responsibility have fallen on one nation alone? Legally that question is hard to answer, but the hard facts of realism prove that Malaya, Indonesia, Korea and Formosa are all parts of the same battle, just as an attack on any zone in Western Germany is an attack on all three.

A Deal With Uncle Joe?

It may well be that before these words appear in print there will be allied troops alongside the Americans, but there will still be misunderstandings unless the American people are kept completely informed by the President. The unity of the Western world must be preserved or the day is lost.

This century has been so cursed by war or the threat of war that we have almost forgotten what peace is like. And sometimes I wonder if we are not becoming too fatalistic about it. To be prepared for war is essential but to accept war in its total sense as inevitable is surely a dangerous frame of mind.

Les Lear, Win, Place And.....?

Continued from page 15

with which he provides each Calgary player before every road trip:

I would greatly appreciate your being dressed in shirt and tie and also jacket when entering the diner or any dining rooms in hotels—also when sitting around the lobby. Remember, it doesn't cost extra to obey all the rules.

Lear played in six Canadian finals for the Bombers. The Winnipeg team won in 1939 and 1941, defeating Ottawa both times. It was in 1941 that he gave one of the best individual performances ever seen in University of Toronto Stadium. For once, a lineman had an opportunity to star. Coach Reg Threlfall employed him as a running-guard that year and Lear, who in action resembles a high-speed bulldozer, scattered Ottawa bodies all over the field as his halfbacks followed him for long gains.

Lear was supposed to receive \$800 from the Winnipeg club for his services in 1941. He received exactly \$471 and wasn't mollified a bit by the fact that unanimously he was chosen for the all-Canadian team. (He made the mythical all-stars again in 1942 and 1943.) He accepted his money in a spirit of bitterness and then and there he conceived an antipathy for the entire executive of the Winnipeg club. The hatred continues to this day. Last November, after Calgary had defeated Regina to retain the Western Canada title, Arthur Chipman, a former president of the Blue Bombers, offered his hand to congratulate the Calgary coach. Lear spat contemptuously and turned on his heel.

That 1941 season the Bombers had played three exhibition games against the Columbus Bulls, an American pro-

The other night I walked home from the House of Commons with Anthony Eden and, naturally, we discussed the international situation. "I cannot understand," he said, "why there is so little diplomatic activity. After all, in 1914 and in 1939 the diplomats worked to the last minute to try to avert war. The ambassadors in London and Paris and Berlin were in constant touch with the different foreign ministers. They didn't stop the war in either case, but at least they tried."

I wish Eden was at the British Foreign Office now. He knows that the 100 years ideological struggle between Communism and Western freedom must go on, but he is not convinced that Russia wants another world war. "I still think I could do a deal with Uncle Joe," he says. "He told me in Moscow that unlike Hitler he would know when to stop."

Well, we are building shelters again in London, specially reinforced to meet the blast of the atomic bomb. Men and women are joining up for civil defense again, and once more our factories will turn to war production.

Yet I cling to the belief that when America put away her youth and decided in the name of the United Nations to oppose aggression in Korea, the hand of the clock was stopped. If only we maintain unity, if only we are firm and just, if only we keep the gates open to discussion with Russia, then perhaps the troubled children of the world will be given a chance to live like human beings, to love and learn and laugh.

Well, there is the item in my diary. The sun is shining but clouds are drifting toward us from the East. ★

fessional team. The Americans had been impressed by the manner in which a young man named Lear had knocked them flat. American talent scouts had been watching his progress and, in the summer of 1944, Chili Walsh, general manager of the Cleveland Rams, decided he wanted the bulky Canadian.

Walsh and coach Buff Donelli vividly recall Lear's arrival at the Ram training camp. He was packing 215 pounds on his five feet 10 and one-half inches. He looked at his All-America rivals suspiciously and he acted as if he bore each of them a personal grudge. He went through the practice sessions in such a fury that Donelli had to restrain him. His bruised teammates gave him the nickname of "Butch" which has stuck. He adapted himself to the American game rapidly and he was one of the 28 men retained by the Rams to open the season. He was paid \$185 per game for a 12-game schedule and it represented a rather handsome increase over his Winnipeg salary.

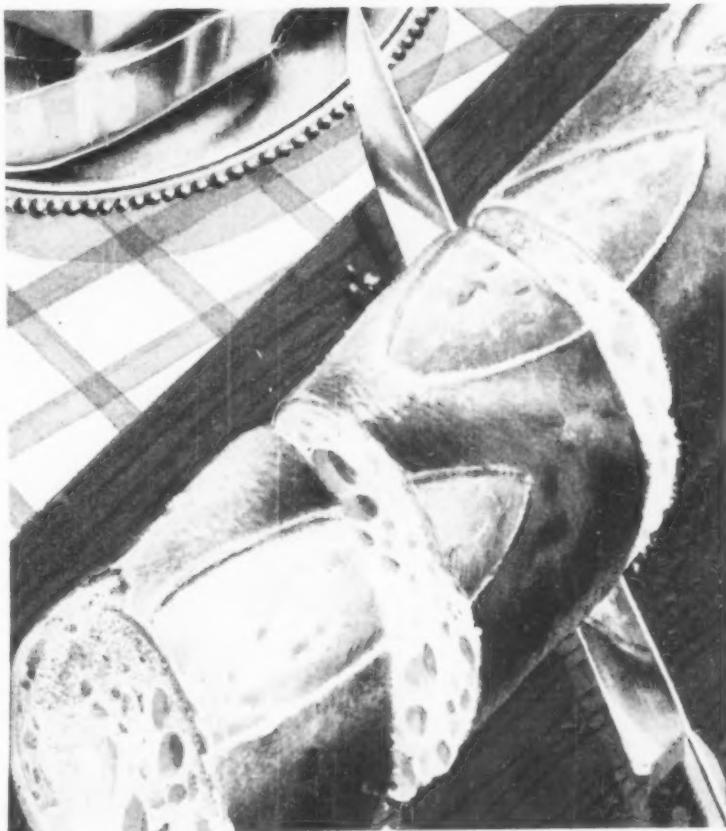
He fought his way to a spot in the regular line-up and, before the season ended, Donelli had trimmed him down to 190 pounds. "I'd never really been in condition before," says Lear.

Football is Lear's business but his real love is horse racing. So, during the following summer, he went to work as a groom and "hot-walker" for Spud Murphy, a "gypsy" horse-trainer who campaigned a small stable on the prairie fair circuit. A long-distance phone call from Walsh caught up with Lear one morning at the Saskatoon Exhibition grounds. Walsh told Lear he was sending him a new contract which would pay him \$375 per game. Lear kissed the horses adieu and started out for the Cleveland training camp.

The Rams had a great season. They won the world professional title, defeating Washington Redskins, 15-14, in

Surprise! Treat!

REAL FRENCH BREAD



Gloriously Crusty, Wonderfully Tasty—made with fast-acting DRY Yeast!

● Once you've nibbled the crust of this super-crispy French Bread you'll never be able to stop! Men will go on a bread diet for days with it! It's fascinatingly simple to make with this recipe—using the wonderful new Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

If you bake at home—forget your former worries with perishable yeast! Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps full-strength and fast-acting for months without refrigeration! Keep it in the cupboard—get a dozen packages to-day.

FRENCH BREAD (makes 3 loaves)

Scald
 1/2 cup milk
 1/4 cup water
 1 tablespoon granulated sugar
 2 teaspoons salt
 2 tablespoons shortening
 Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl
 1/2 cup lukewarm water
 1 teaspoon granulated sugar
 and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well; stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Measure into a large mixing bowl

4 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour

Make a well in the centre and add liquids all at once. Mix thoroughly, then knead slightly in the bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and set in a warm place, free from draught; let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough, cover with damp cloth and again let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out on lightly-floured board and divide into 3 equal portions. Knead each piece lightly and shape into a slim loaf.

about 12 inches long. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheets and with a pair of scissors, cut diagonal slashes in top of loaves, about 1 1/2 inches apart. Let rise, uncovered, until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven, 400°, for 15 minutes, then reduce oven heat to 350°, bake 15 minutes, brush with a mixture of 1 slightly-beaten egg white and 2 tablespoons water and bake until loaves are cooked—about 20 minutes longer. Cool bread in a draught, by an open window.





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... the kind of sheets that invite real sleeping
comfort. "Tex-Made" sheets are made to
last through repeated washings and
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Ask for "Tex-Made sheets" ... they
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WEARWELL — COLONIAL

Sheets

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED, MONTREAL



the final. Frank Filchok (who engineered the defeat of the Calgary Stampeders in the 1949 Grey Cup final) nearly forward-passed the Rams out of the park that afternoon but the real star of the Cleveland victory was Riley ("Rattler") Matheson, the fabulous lineman who now has joined Lear in Calgary. Lear received honorable mention when the U. S. professional All-Star team was chosen that year.

He Started From Scratch

Lear admired the Rams' coach, Buff Donelli, intensely and decided that some day he would be a football coach himself. He made a record of the manner in which Donelli dealt with every situation and kept a record of his successful plays. Lear still has the notebooks. A selection of the best plays now has been transcribed into his "master book" on which the Stampeder formations are based.

In 1943 Lear had started his sports-coaching career by handling the Winnipeg Esquires in the Manitoba Junior Hockey League. His teams didn't win any major championships but they developed such hockey players as Cal Gardner, Harry Taylor, Terry Sawchuk, Danny Summers and Bobby Love, all of whom have performed notably in professional ranks.

The Cleveland Ram franchise was transferred to Los Angeles in 1946 and, in the 1947 season, Lear was traded to the Detroit Lions. Although he had a two-year contract with Detroit he preferred to live in California where he could watch the winter horse racing. He took as a groom a race-track detective and, for one period, he was agent for Bobby Summers, the Canadian jockey who was riding at Santa Anita.

Just after 1948's New Year Eve Lear had determined to make his permanent home in Long Beach and he was considering buying a sporting goods business. One day his phone rang insistently and the operator told him someone named Tom Brook was calling him from Calgary, Canada. Lear never had heard of Brook, a Toronto oil promoter who had moved to Calgary and who had been voted into the job of reviving the fortunes of the battered Calgary Football Club. Brook offered Lear the job of coaching the Stampeders. After five days of negotiation and haggling he was Calgary's new coach with a two-year contract.

Lear confesses he nearly headed back for Long Beach when he saw a large sign in Brook's Calgary office. The sign stated bluntly: "Calgary Wants The Grey Cup."

Success Breeds Jealousy

Even Lear's most snide detractors will admit that he started from scratch in Calgary. For one thing, there wasn't much local material. He returned to California and persuaded Keith Spaith, a young T-formation quarterback, to accompany him to Calgary. Spaith had been suspended from American football for wagering on his own team in a play-off game. Johnny Aguirre, a Southern Cal graduate with pro experience, Woody Strode, a gangling end, and Chuck Anderson, from Ohio State, joined the party. Lear then snatched Harry Hood and Bert Ianonne from the Winnipeg Bombers and picked up four Vancouver juniors, Pete Thodos, Ced Gyles, Rod Pantages and Jim Mitchener.

Brook shuddered as he contemplated the growing list of expenses but the new coach merely pointed to the big sign on the office wall.

Lear had learned his lessons well. He remembered his own rigorous experience in the Cleveland camp. He

remembered the 1938 Grey Cup final in Toronto when the Blue Bombers had kept pace with the Toronto Argonauts for 45 minutes and then collapsed in the final quarter. He decided that the Stampeders would be the best-conditioned team ever to step on a Canadian gridiron.

Mewata Stadium was no place for a sensitive schoolboy that year. Lear, who has command of rich, colorful and imaginative language, drove his charges to exhaustion. He ran them until they tripped over their own tongues. But hard work, good coaching and good luck paid off handsomely for the Stampeders. There wasn't an empty seat in the stadium when the Blue Bombers made their first appearance in Calgary.

The Bombers never knew what hit them. Lear didn't permit his men to relax for a second. They kicked the

Competition

Women talk a lot, it's true,

But I have yet to note a lag

In conversations that ensue

At any party strictly stag.

— Ivan J. Collins.

Bombers from one end of the field to the other. The final score was Calgary 30, Winnipeg 0. When the game ended veteran Calgary football enthusiasts swarmed out of the stands and grasped Lear by the hand. One of them, with tears of happiness in his eyes, said: "I've been waiting for this day for more than 20 years."

On November 26, in University of Toronto Stadium, the incredible Stampeders won the Canadian championship, beating Ottawa 12-7.

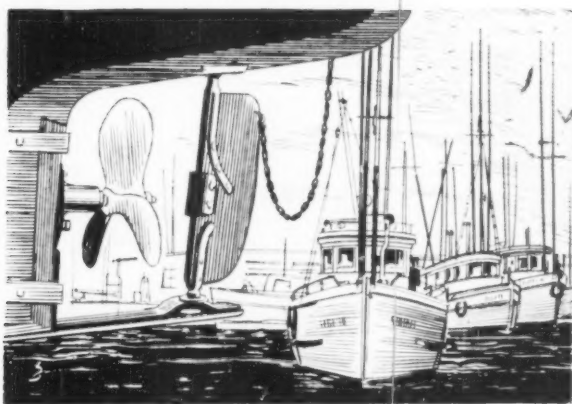
There's nothing that breeds jealousy as quickly as success. By winning the Grey Cup in his first year Lear put himself in the hot spotlight of publicity. There were a few raised eyebrows when Chuck Anderson, who had been outstanding defensively in the Canadian final, was cut loose from the Calgary team. Then four of Lear's most proficient young players decided to attend McGill University in 1949. To plug the gaps Calgary imported Ezzard ("Sugar Foot") Anderson and Riley ("Rattler") Matheson.

Lear began to run into minor criticism immediately after the Stampeders lost the 1949 title game to Montreal. There were certain Calgarians who believed that the Stampeders had become too much of a three-man show operated by Lear, Brook and team manager Archie McGillis. There were complaints that these three didn't take other members of the executive into their confidence. Even the matter of Lear's annual salary was a closely guarded secret.

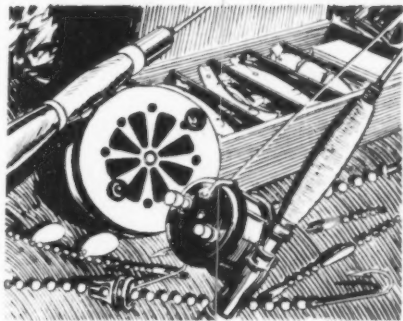
Lear didn't help himself particularly when, in a broadcast after the Montreal game, he made some very intemperate remarks about the manner in which the governing Canadian Rugby Union was handling football affairs. He critics eagerly seized upon these remarks and, behind their hands, whispered that the coach was guilty of poor

Continued on page 48

So...Nickel goes fishing



With the full power of the engine behind it, a propeller shaft has to have great strength and stiffness or it will bend or break. "Monel" shafts give remarkable satisfaction and long life.



Trolling lines of "Z" Nickel wire are being used more and more because they are tough, rust-proof and easy to reel in. Fish hooks and tackle made of Nickel alloys are strong as steel, and resist corrosion even in salt water.



"The Romance of Nickel" a 56-page book fully illustrated, will be sent free on request to anyone interested.



Equipment made of Nickel alloys is used in handling and canning fish and other sea food because it is rust-proof, sanitary and stands an immense amount of wear.

Forty-three years of research have uncovered hundreds of uses for Nickel in the United States and other countries. Now Nickel exports bring in millions of U.S. dollars yearly. These dollars help pay the wages of the 14,000 Nickel employees in Canada and also help pay Canadian railwaymen, lumbermen, iron and steel workers and other men and women making supplies for the Nickel mines, smelters and refineries.

IN EVERY LIFE

Canadian Nickel



THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, 25 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO



"I enjoyed my shopping today!"



Yes, I *really* enjoyed my shopping trip—I bought all the things I saved for!

That's the way I plan my bigger purchases. They seem to come easier, and more quickly, when I put something into the bank regularly. I like the *comforting* feeling of watching my account grow.

I hate keeping too much cash around the house. It's so convenient to have the bank take care of it. And my bank book tells me where I stand.

I guess most women are much like me—housewives with modest savings who find their neighborhood bank handy, useful . . . always obliging.

SPONSORED BY YOUR BANK

Continued from page 46
sportsmanship. They began to complain, further, that Lear's hard-driving tactics were causing dissension on the team.

"We pay our players like professionals but some of them feel that they should be treated like college boys," Lear snaps. "I believe that the average professional player's heart is in his pants-pocket—that's the reason we fine 'em when they break the rules." On one road trip last season he discovered five of his players in a compartment, working on half a case of whisky. "You might as well go ahead and get good and drunk," he drawled, "because this is going to cost each of you 50 bucks."

Once or twice during each season Lear will order his players to go out and break all training rules for one night. He has relaxed his own rules to

appoint Matheson line coach so he can have the constant company of the "Rattler."

The best thing that ever happened to Lear was his marriage to Betty Leane Neill in 1946. They live with their small son and six race horses in a ranch house on 25 acres in Spring Bank, on the western outskirts of Calgary. She keeps Les from violent arguments with the more verbose of his grandstand quarterbacks. When the hecklers cause Lear to raise his voice she kicks him on the shins beneath the table.

The Lears are happy with their horses. If the day comes when Les decides he has had enough of football he will devote himself to the breeding and racing of thoroughbreds. It is typical of him that he doesn't intend entrusting his horses to anyone—he's going to handle them himself. ★

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?



The victim's body disappeared in this furnace. Did that prevent a conviction?

The Case of the Missing Corpse

By C. WALTER HODGSON

AVID readers of whodunits are likely to tell you that you can't convict a murderer in a case of *corpus delicti*—if the victim's body is missing. One of the fundamentals of detective fiction, this principle got the spotlight in a brutal crime at St. Catharines, Ont., in 1946, after a nine-year-old girl vanished two days before Christmas.

She was returning home from next door carrying gaily wrapped Christmas presents when she vanished. Another neighbor later told police she saw the little girl talking to a man whom she heard say, "Would you come—we will go and get a present for the baby?" after which the pair disappeared around a corner.

Police entered a nearby canning factory and in the sleeping quarters of the night furnaceman and watchman found Christmas paper identified as the wrapping

of the presents the little girl had carried. In a police lineup the watchman was picked out by the neighbor as the man who walked off with the girl.

The man at first denied everything, later admitted killing the girl in his room and burning her body in the factory furnace. He was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged but his lawyer appealed the judgment in a masterful plea that his client should not have been convicted because no one but the accused had offered any actual knowledge that a crime had been committed, and because the Crown had not produced the *corpus delicti*—literally, the body of the crime.

Every circumstance pointed to the watchman as perpetrator of what one justice described as the most diabolical murder of his experience. When there is no evidence except a man's own confession—and no body—can a man rightfully be convicted of murder?

FOR THE ANSWER, SEE PAGE 51



This symbol sets the seal of authenticity on the unique Harris Tweed—unique in the geographic environment of the Crofters who hand weave it in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides from virgin Scottish Wool—unique in traditional excellence.



★ Look for the mark on the cloth
★ Look for the label on the garment

Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD.



Birth of a Song Hit

Continued from page 19

a deep-voiced hell-fire and brimstone parson from Arkansas, and two Brooklyn youngsters, student Fred Hellerman and Miss Ronnie Gilbert, an erstwhile secretary. They called themselves The Weavers and went professional in 1948 at a Greenwich Village cellar club called the Village Vanguard. The Weavers were mobbed with enthusiasts who never failed to yell for "Irene." People loved to join in the sweet refrain.

Carl Sandburg, the Lincoln biographer, and folk song collector Gordon Jenkins, the composer and bandleader, and Howie Richmond, the demon Press agent, were among the regulars at the Vanguard. Howie was toying with the notion of publishing songs and plugging them through his disk jockey network. He thought "Goodnight, Irene" was wonderful. So did Gordon Jenkins. It was a good night for Irene. Richmond made a copyright search and found the 1936 literary copyright by Lomax and Ledbetter.

Copyright litigation is everyday stuff in the music business and Howie wanted the song absolutely clear. He found that the professor and his old friend had both died recently, but The Weavers led him to Lead Belly's widow and Alan Lomax, son of the co-author. Howie signed up with the heirs, a standard contract providing for performance royalties and the usual royalties of one cent per phonograph record and three cents for sheet music. Jenkins gave the song an orchestral setting and a female choir to chord behind The Weavers.

The disk jockey recording was made last June. On the reverse, or "flip" side The Weavers and Jenkins recorded "Tzena, Tzena, Tzena," an Israeli patriotic ditty to which Richmond had also acquired the copyright when he heard The Weavers sing it in Yiddish. Richmond airmailed the test record to the disk jockeys early in July and sat back to wait for them to tell him whether his taste was any good.

Some Violets For Ava

Three days afterward Richmond opened his copy of Billboard, the favorite form sheet of Tin Pan Alley. He turned to the record "picks" and looked at Billboard's house "picks," in which shrewd professional reporters predict the best-selling records of a month or two hence. They have a very high batting average. "Tzena, Tzena, Tzena" by Jenkins and The Weavers was the first pick. The second pick was "Goodnight, Irene" by Jenkins and The Weavers. The third pick was "Happy Feet," published by Richmond. The fourth pick was "Sam's Song," by Bing Crosby and his son Gary. It was the first time in music history that one publisher had hit three out of four and the first time both sides of a record had been picked.

The next week's Billboard listed "record possibilities" from all points of the compass by disk jockeys, jukebox operators, and retail shops. These bellwethers of the music business are a sure guide to potential popularity. Of their picks for the 10 hits of tomorrow the disk jockeys selected first "Tzena" and second "Irene." The retailers put "Tzena" fourth and sixth "Happy Feet," a tune Richmond had developed from a radio commercial jingle for a shoe chain. Record wholesalers reported their biggest shipping orders were for "Tzena."

Richmond groped around dizzily for a day, trying to figure out what had



Lovely-looking skin is a "must" for pretty Elaine Parker, whose job calls for meeting people every day. She says, "Noxzema is my daily powder base and regular beauty aid. It's been a great help to my dry skin... and so pleasant to use!"

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine—helps 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests

● If you want an alluring complexion, if you've suffered from dry, rough skin, blemishes or similar skin problems, here's news.

A Skin Specialist has now developed a new home beauty routine. He found, in clinical tests, that a greaseless skin cream—renowned Noxzema—has a gentle, medicated formula that helps heal blemishes... helps supply a light film of oil-and-moisture to the skin's outer surface. It works with nature to quickly help your skin look softer, smoother, lovelier. Here's what you do.

4 Simple Steps

Morning—1. Apply Noxzema all over your face and with a damp cloth "cream-wash" your face—just as you would with soap and water. Note how clean your skin looks and feels! **2.** After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "cream-wash" your face. **4.** Now massage Noxzema into your face. Remember—it's greaseless. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them.

This new "Home Facial" actually helped 4 out of 5 women in clinical tests. The secret? First, Noxzema is a greaseless cream. And secondly, it's Noxzema's medicated formula—in a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion!

Try it yourself. So sure are we that results will delight you that we make this sincere money-back offer.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

Try this Specialist's new Home Beauty Routine for 10 days. If you're not delighted with results—return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto—your money cheerfully refunded. Today get Noxzema Skin Cream. At all drug and cosmetic counters—21¢, 49¢, 69¢ and \$1.39.



"Light, soothing Noxzema is just fine for my sensitive skin," says Avril Keiller of Montreal. "I use Noxzema every night, to help a very dry condition. And greaseless Noxzema is my regular powder base."

"It takes so little time to gain a softer, smoother, clearer-looking skin with the new Noxzema 'Home Facial,'" says Patricia Pottinger of Victoria. "It's proved such a help, too, in clearing up occasional blemishes."



NOXZEMA
Skin
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MADE IN CANADA



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Mrs. likes a John Wood because it provides plenty of hot water . . . Mr. because it costs less to operate!

And to both of them a John Wood Automatic Electric Water Heater will bring years of dependable and economical service, operating silently day and night to supply abundant water for every household need. There are three sizes of John Wood

Heaters, each handsomely designed and featuring dual heating elements . . . extra heavy galvanized tanks . . . magnesium anodes to keep water crystal clear . . . and Fiberglas insulation to save heat. See these "Mr. and Mrs. Approved" heaters at your dealer's today!

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transpired. Overnight he was the biggest man in the music business. Bing, Frank and Arthur replaced Mr. Crosby, Mr. Sinatra and Mr. Godfrey among his acquaintances. Presidents of record companies sent him personal memos. His matchbox office took on the population of the Marx Brothers' cabin in "A Night at the Opera."

Richmond galvanized into action under the slogan, Sinatra must sing "Irene." At that moment Sinatra was getting into a stratocruiser in Los Angeles, eastbound for Europe. Richmond air-expressed professional sheets of "Irene" in time to meet the onrushing crooner in Chicago. Sinatra studied the song during the flight to New York.

Mitch Miller, recording chief of Columbia records, was waiting at the N. Y. Airport. He rushed Sinatra to a studio where Miller's own orchestra was rehearsing a Sinatra setting for "Irene." The singer cut one record and did not have time to hear it back before he roared off for the London plane.

Richmond drove to Bridgeport, Conn., where the Columbia record-pressing plant in three hours made 300 advance records for the disk jockeys. Richmond air-expressed them that night. The next day jockeys from Vancouver to Atlanta were spinning Frank Sinatra's new smash hit to the millions, while Sinatra was buying Ava Gardner a nosegay of violets in Piccadilly Circus.

Richmond thought about The Weavers. "They would probably hate the idea of their lovely old song going commercial with Frank. I called them up and told them. The kids said, 'Wonderful! Think of it, Frank Sinatra singing Lead Belly's song!'"

The second week "Irene" moved up from the hit picks to an actual hit. Now there were eight records of "Goodnight, Irene" spinning on the radio and Billboard's lists of best-selling single records were being inundated from the bottom by two dozen versions of "Irene," "Tzena" and "Happy Feet." After two days' play Sinatra's version was third on the house picks. The juke-box operators listed "Happy Feet" first in the coin boxes.

Richmond then ordered 100,000 copies of the sheet music of "Irene" for popular sale. Music publishers are conducting a drive to return sheet

music to its lost lucrative grandeur by trying to get song pluggers back into the five and dime stores, and by means of Arthur Godfrey's campaign to revive the ukelele, hence selling both ukes and sheet music. This fits very nicely into Richmond's plans, since he comes from a family of sheet-music publishers. His father published the "Sidewalks of New York" and the "Banks of the Wabash."

The operative word in the sheet-music trade is "rack." Every store that sells sheets has a sales rack containing the scores of the 20 leading current songs. Getting on to the rack is the publisher's aim during the sixth to 12th week of a popular song's short-lived popularity. A song hit averages a life of three months before it dies or levels off into the class of standards, such as "Tea For Two," by Irving Caesar and Vincent Youmans, the best-selling standard of today. During these three months the song publisher exploits every angle to make money on his hit. Richmond sent out his sheet music to hit the racks about the fourth week. "Irene" was building so fast he did not want to wait until the sixth week.

A Hop Scotch Stake

Richmond started the live song plugging in the third week. His three associates in Hollywood, the other U. S. music capitol, and in Chicago, which is the greatest U. S. centre of live-music performance, were getting out the proven hit to the bands and singers. Howie plugged Tommy Dorsey at the Hotel Astor in New York and fired plugs right and left before going to Chicago to plug Two-Ton Baker, a mighty leader of art song in that city.

There he discovered Lead Belly's mighty runaway was spreading into all fields of commercial music—folk, country and western, and "race," the trade name for Negro blues and jazz. Such artists as Lost John Miller, Quarantine Brown, Hardrock Gunter, Bull Moose Jackson, Grandpa Jones and Ivory Joe Hunter took "Irene" down into the swamps and the sagebrush.

Bing Crosby was almost the only popular artist who had not waxed "Irene," because his family duet on "Sam's Song" was about the only record left standing in the avalanche of Richmond hits, and Crosby appar-



MACLEAN'S

Sand Perce

"One N, stupid!"



When You Buy on The I.A.C. MERIT PLAN

"Yes, Jack and I were pleasantly surprised when we discovered that we could buy our new electric refrigerator and pay for it in instalments—economically through the I.A.C. Merit Plan. Like many people we had the old-fashioned idea that finance companies' charges make it expensive to buy on time—but that's not so with I.A.C."

"Take this new refrigerator — Jack and I found out that if we paid for it over 24 months — out of Jack's income without touching our savings — then the finance charge works out to eight cents per day — far less than the cost of renting a new electric refrigerator—or buying ice. These few extra cents added to the regular monthly payment make it really a low-cost way to buy."

* * *

Every year thousands of Canadian families take advantage of the I.A.C. Merit Plan to own the durable worthwhile goods they need while paying for them out of income. If you are planning a substantial purchase, consult your dealer about buying through the I.A.C. Merit Plan.

The booklet "Power to Save and Buy" explains the I.A.C. Merit Plan in detail and is yours for the asking. Simply write Department M9 at the address below.



Industrial Acceptance Corporation Limited

Sponsors of the Merit Plan for Instalment Buying

Executive Offices: Sun Life Building, Montreal 2

ently thought he shouldn't compete with himself.

Irving Caesar, of "Tea For Two," feels that "Irene" is a longtime hit, a "standard."

Richmond thinks the initial heavy play will last six months, instead of the usual three, and that "Irene" will overtake "Music, Music, Music," the outstanding song-hit of recent years. "Music" happens to have been published by Howie Richmond.

Richmond, still a Press agent for the Andrews Sisters and Frank Sinatra, ventured cautiously into publishing in September, 1949. A new publisher has a rough time getting tunes because established song writers prefer dealing with established houses.

Richmond's first publication was "Hop Scotch Polka," written 20 years ago by an Englishman named Billy Whitlock. Tin Pan Alley told him everything was wrong with "Hop Scotch," and the use of the word polka in a title limited the song to a small audience. Richmond made a record for the jockeys and put out sheets with a photo of two jockeys in funny hats on the cover. "Hop Scotch" made money, although it was not a big hit. "It put me in business," he says.

He was sitting in his mousetrap office a month later, trying to figure how he could get a tune which did not come equipped with 85 lawyers suing everybody in sight. A man's head popped in his door and a hand held out a sheet music score.

"I have a tremendous heet," the man said. "This is a positive heet."

Richmond says, "I gave the guy a polite brushoff. You say, 'Sorry, I'm busy. Come back tomorrow.' They never do. But this guy, Stephan Weiss, a nice German refugee, did come back. I wasn't in when he came. I felt like a heel, so I called him back to make a date. Weiss came rushing over and handed me the sheets. I told him I couldn't read music and there wasn't a piano in the office. I've been in the business a year now but I haven't got around to buying a piano or a phonograph.

"Weiss grabbed me and we went down to the street. He led me into the big piano salon of Rudolph Steinway. We barged into this plush cathedral and Weiss sat down at the biggest 10 grand job, stomped his feet and banged away, yelling at the top of his voice, 'Put anozer neekle in!' The Steinway people threw us out in the street.

"Well, I thought, this business is crazy anyway, so I took him to an audition studio and he played 'Music, Music, Music.' I saw the scrublady

Answer to

WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?

(See Page 48)

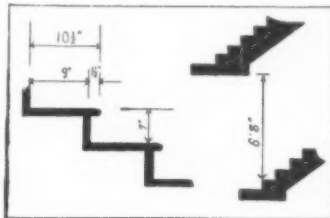
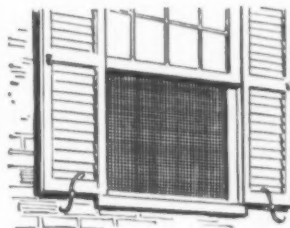
The fiction writer who frees a murder suspect for lack of a body is guilty of taking liberties with the law. The St. Catharines cannery night watchman was hanged a year less a week from the day the little girl vanished. The Ontario Court of Appeal declared the principle referred to as *corpus delicti* to be merely a rule of caution. As the court quoted from a book on evidence, it would seem "a startling thing to proclaim to every murderer that, in order to secure immunity to himself, he has nothing to do but consume or decompose the body by fire or lime or sink it in an unfathomable part of the sea."

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19. No longer need windows be fabricated on the job. Complete units, available in wood or metal, include sliding or hinged sash set in a weatherstripped frame, with screen and storm sash. All exposed metal should be rustproof. Copper, brass and bronze are especially suitable for window flashings, screening, weather stripping and hardware because they cannot rust.



20. Avoid errors in stair layout. Check to be sure that the "rise" and "run" of each step totals 17 1/2 ins. Proportions shown ensure an easy incline. Minimum headroom should not be less than 6 ft. 8 ins. Avoid winders—wedge-shaped stair treads—at corners. They're a menace. So is a single step. A difference in floor level requires at least 3 steps.

21. Closets should be practical. Modern ideas organize space to suit specific storage needs. Sometimes whole walls contain storage partitions, but even ordinary closets can be improved. Here's a bedroom closet, of minimum 2 ft. depth, with double doors for convenient access. It's divided into two compartments. One is for clothes, the other has sliding trays.



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and the janitor tapping their feet and I couldn't help hearing the tune. Boy, was it corny! I signed up with Weiss. He had been trying to sell the tune all around for years and when he saw there was a new publisher in business he rushed around and plugged me.

"I couldn't find a band leader who was willing to play it for the advance records. Weiss said, 'I'll play it.' All in the spirit of good clean fun I had Weiss record it. We cut 54 acetate records, temporary transcriptions with about 10 plays in them. They're called 'dubs.' I thought the dub would be a great gag to send out to the jockeys. We took the dubs into the Colonial Music Shop on Broadway to hear how one sounded. We put it on a demonstrator machine and a woman in the shop wanted to buy it. I sent it out to the jockeys without comment. They gave me a couple of weeks on it and it showed. I spent \$54 to launch 'Music, Music, Music.'"

Richmond's joke has so far sold a million and a half records and 500,000 sheets, and is still in the hit lists. Weiss and his collaborator stand to collect something like \$50,000 from the "positive heat."

Richmond says " 'Music, Music, Music' was the freak of the age. I am not a corn and novelty publisher. I prefer truthful sincere songs like 'Irene' and 'Tzena.' There is an infinity of music in America. One time I went to Key West, Fla., on a vacation and knew so little geography I didn't know how to avoid Miami. I hung around the jukebox guys and local Negro singers in Miami, Jacksonville and Daytona, listening to the wonderful local songs. Every town has a local hit that doesn't get anywhere, because there isn't any Professor Lomax to find them and not many people to give them the national plug.

"I'm ignorant about how to pick a song hit. Tin Pan Alley has all the rules and formulas. I've always been interested in the theatre. You can't say I use the Stanislavsky Method in picking songs. Stanislavsky? He was the director of the Moscow Art Theatre who taught acting technique as an organic feeling for real life.

"Irene" and "Tzena" are banks of real life, not Tin Pan Alley imitations or tunes from a movie published and plugged merely as publicity for a picture. The boys in the Brill building will die when it gets around that my secret is the Stanislavsky Method. They'll run their office boys ragged buying up books on Stanislavsky.

Just a Naive Guy

"My network of disk jockeys is the best way to find out if you have something the public wants. I don't ask favors of them or expect them to over-plug my numbers. I plug all kinds of music to them whether I own a piece of it or not. I scout for them, tell them what's new in music. I plug Frankie Laine, that wonderful singer, and he's never sung any of my tunes.

"I'm a naive guy. In 'Tin Pan Alley' they are always planning things with lawyers and mathematical charts. I don't want to get clever. I don't want to get tricky. When the day comes I turn down a truthful song because I figure I'm big and tricky, that day I'll get out of publishing."

Up in Tin Pan Towers the inmates are nervously watching the kid who does everything wrong. They are watching his terrific wrong number, "Goodnight, Irene," sweep the boards. The Towers are full of characters puzzling over Konstantin Sergievich Aleksov Stanislavsky to figure out how Howie does it. ★



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PARTS AND SERVICE FROM COAST TO COAST IN CANADA

Newfoundland's Pirate King

Continued from page 16

angered Fern, the carpenter, who had ambitions to the post himself.

On September 5 three more fishing vessels were taken and three men forced to join the pirate crew. One of these was an American Indian named Isaac Lassen. Lassen was frequently used as a helmsman for Revenge. Another was John Fillmore, a fisherman from Ipswich, Mass. This man was to be great-grandfather of Millard Fillmore, 13th President of the United States. John Fillmore hated life in Revenge and Phillips promised to release him at a later date.

Two weeks later a 150-ton French schooner was taken which yielded the first booty: 13 pipes of wine and a large mounted cannon. From this vessel two Frenchmen, John Baptis and Peter Taffery, were captured.

Surgery at Sea

Pickings were so poor on the Grand Banks that Phillips set sail for the West Indies. Off Barbados in early October the brigantine Mary was taken with a cargo of cloth valued at 500 pounds. Several days later another brigantine, Glasgow, was captured. From her a hand named William Taylor was forced. A Portuguese sloop fell next and from her Phillips took a Negro slave named Francisco, three dozen fine shirts, and a cask of brandy. On October 27 Phillips took the sloop Content, out of Boston. Then luck ran out. Revenge cruised for three months in the Leeward Passage without touching land or sighting a sail. Tropical rains kept the water supply up but stores grew very low. Each man was allotted an ounce and a half of meat with a scrap of bread a day.

At last, pushed by hunger, they challenged a 12-gun French patrol sloop from Martinique with a crew of 35. This vessel was much superior in strength, but the pirates were desperate. They sailed boldly up to the Frenchman, black flag flying at the mast. The sloop surrendered without firing a shot and provisions were available at last. The sloop was stripped of her guns and released with most of the crew. Four French prisoners were taken to work aboard Revenge.

The privateer Revenge was now foul with sea growth and it was decided to careen her at Tobago, the island where Phillips had hidden away when he was with Anstis. He decided to leave his four French prisoners at Tobago. The forced man Fillmore begged to be left also, but Phillips refused. From that moment Fillmore began to plot for Phillips' destruction.

Scarcely had the careening at Tobago been completed when a large British man-o'-war was sighted off the island. Phillips hastily warped Revenge out of the harbor and escaped after a short run.

Phillips now sailed north. On February 4, 1724, 100 miles south of Sandy Hook, he captured a snow (a type of large, two-masted, square-rigged vessel) full of cloth and provisions. He decided to equip her to sail under the command of the carpenter Fern in company with the Revenge. Fern was still disgruntled at not being quartermaster.

Once in command Fern immediately tried to get away from Revenge but Phillips correctly interpreted the manoeuvre, gave chase, closed and grappled, and, after a brief hand-to-hand skirmish on the decks of the snow, Fern surrendered.

One pirate was shot and killed in this encounter. Another, William Taylor, was severely wounded by a ball in the left leg. There was no surgeon in the company. Taylor was laid on Revenge's quarterdeck and each of the pirates inspected and probed the wounded limb. All hands agreed that amputation was indicated. Fern, pardoned, was selected as the man best suited for the job because of his knowledge of carpentry.

Taylor was filled with rum and held firmly on the deck by several burly men. Fern took his heaviest saw, grasped the limb as if it were a board, and fell to work. In short time the limb was severed and Taylor was screaming in anguish. Fern then thrust a large broad-axe into the galley stove and, when it was red-hot, he cauterized the stump.

Taylor survived this barbarous surgery and later put a wooden peg on the stump. Phillips wanted Taylor put ashore at the first opportunity, but the latter refused point-blank. "They will hang me if you do," he said. So he stayed.

On February 27 a London ship was taken containing valuable armament. A navigator named Henry Giles was compelled to join the pirates and from then on he did the navigation and kept the log aboard the Revenge.

A few days later the carpenter Fern attempted to steal another prize and run away again. His plot failed and he was formally tried on the quarterdeck, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. Phillips carefully applied a flint-lock pistol to Fern's temple and pulled the trigger. The carpenter's brains splattered the deck.

From then on Captain John Phillips was sitting on a powder keg. There were a great many forced men aboard, constantly plotting under the leadership of John Fillmore.

Ordeal of Dependence Ellery

Trouble soon broke out. A Virginian ship, Captain Mortimer commanding, was taken off Marblehead on March 27. Phillips was aboard her supervising the plunder. Suddenly across the water came noises of a scuffle in the Revenge. Someone yelled "Mutiny!" to Phillips. Captain Mortimer seized this opportunity to retake his own vessel. He dealt the pirate king a mighty swipe with a marlinpike, knocking Phillips down and gashing him severely on the scalp.

Mortimer's men were not as bold as their captain. They stood idly by. Phillips revived, hacked Mortimer to pieces with a cutlass, and fed him to the fishes.

Then Phillips angrily searched the ship for Mortimer's brother, known to be on board, to give him the same treatment. This man managed to hide for 24 hours, wrapped in a spare sail in the hold. When he emerged Phillips' blood-lust had cooled and the man was spared. The reported mutiny in Revenge proved a false alarm.

From Mortimer's ship a carpenter named Edward Cheeseman was recruited to replace Fern. Cheeseman hated the pirate life and joined with Fillmore in his plotting.

Revenge now cruised back toward Newfoundland. Off Cape Sable in the first few days of April, 1724, the pirates met a fleet of trading schooners, nine of which they captured. One of these happened to belong to the former owner of Revenge. Phillips, possibly suffering from twinges of the conscience, released it. "We have done this fellow injury enough," he said.

One of these vessels gave Phillips trouble. She was owned by a New England Quaker named Dependence

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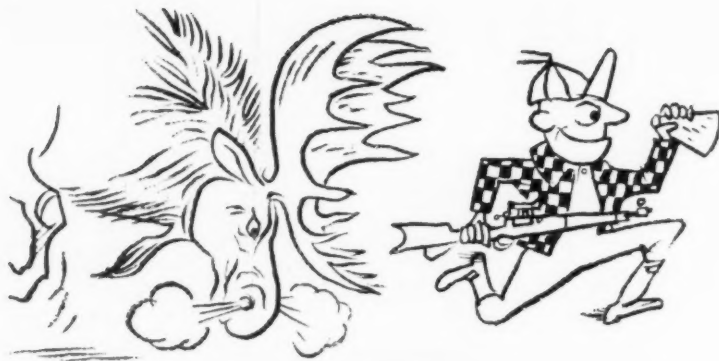
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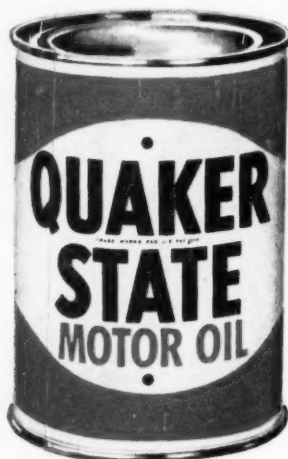




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Ellery. Ellery did not believe in violence but he did believe in flight. He led Revenge a merry chase all day before being overhauled. To pay for this Ellery was whipped about the deck, pelted with rum bottles, and forced to dance on the quarterdeck all night. When he fell from exhaustion the pirates were kind enough to let him lie.

On the morning of April 24, 1724, a sloop was sighted on the Grand Banks near where the pirate cruise began. She was the fishing vessel Squirrel, Andrew Haraden commanding. Squirrel was on her maiden voyage, brand-new, some of her finer finishings not yet completed. Her lines suggested speed and Phillips took a fancy to her. He followed her for several hours, then cut up to her and fired a shot 100 feet off her bow. Haraden surrendered.

Phillips decided to take over Squirrel as his flagship and boarded her with all his company. Haraden was held aboard and the dozen fishermen of his crew transferred to Revenge to shift for themselves.

Fillmore then decided the moment for his mutiny was at hand. A gleam in his eyes must have betrayed him, however, for Phillips suddenly accused him of treachery, clapped a pistol to his breast and fired. Fortunately for Fillmore the piece was not primed. Phillips primed the pistol and fired again. Fillmore was able to knock the captain's arm and the shot went harmlessly into the air. Phillips then flourished a cutlass, but he did not strike.

"Back to duty," he shouted. "You have only done this to try my strength."

Aboard the Squirrel there were now about 18 pirates, most of them forced men. Phillips, Nutt, Sparks and White remained of the original company plus John Rose Archer, William Taylor (the amputee), William Phillips (not relation to the captain) and a few other volunteers. There were five conspirators: Fillmore, Cheeseman, Haraden, Lassen (the Indian), and Charles Ivemay, an American forced man. The conspirators gathered secretly late that night. Fillmore and Cheeseman planned to strike the next morning.

After the meeting broke up Fillmore stole to the after-cabin. There he found White and Archer dead-drunk on the floor. He took a red-hot poker from the galley stove and burned the pirates' feet. They were too sodden to do more than groan in their sleep.

Early next morning the conspirators gathered on deck. Only one pirate was up, the boatswain at the wheel. Hours passed but the sleeping pirates did not appear. At 10 o'clock Fillmore could endure the suspense no longer. He rapped at the captain's door, saying it was nearly time for the noon sighting on the sun.

The captain muttered, "It is none of your business."

An hour later Phillips, Nutt, and Sparks finally arrived on deck. The captain angrily demanded to know the whereabouts of White and Archer. He was told they had fallen asleep by the stove and accidentally burned their feet.

Then, at an agreed signal, Cheeseman went to the quarterdeck and took a turn with Nutt, chatting idly about the weather. Fillmore edged nearer the boatswain. Fillmore picked up a broadaxe, twirling it as if in play and winked at Cheeseman.

Cheeseman seized Nutt, one arm about the neck, the other through the crotch, and began to toss him overboard.

"Lord have mercy on me!" gasped the astonished Nutt, grabbing Cheeseman's sleeve. "What are you trying to do, carpenter?"

"An unnecessary question," said Cheeseman, "for, master, you are a dead man." He struck Nutt's arm and tumbled him overboard.

At the same moment Fillmore struck the boatswain a mighty blow with the broadaxe, splitting the man's head to the neck. The noise brought Phillips to the deck and Cheeseman dropped him with a blow which stunned him and broke his jaw.

Captain Haraden started for the fallen pirate king and was tripped by Sparks. Charles Ivemay threw Sparks overboard and Haraden finished Phillips' career with a blow on the back of the neck.

Cheeseman ran below to rope with Archer and White. Archer met him with an upraised hammer, but Lassen grappled Archer from behind and held him until Fillmore could swing his axe.

Henry Giles, the forced man serving as navigator, then suggested that the remaining pirates be spared for trial. Otherwise, he argued, everyone aboard might be accused of piracy. The rest of the pirates were securely tied with ropes and thrown into the hold.

Captain Phillips' head was slashed from its trunk, pickled in a barrel of brine and flown at the mast peak as a symbol of triumph. In the hold William White snarled, cursed, and raged like a tiger.

The End of the Cruise

With Haraden again in command of his own vessel, and followed by the fishermen in Revenge, they sailed proudly into Boston. On sight of the harbor a salute was fired. One of the captured pirates, a French volunteer, requested permission to fire a final shot. Permission was granted. The pirate purposely neglected to swab out the cannon. Instead, he rammed the charge directly into the overheated muzzle, and it exploded. He was thereby blown to bits in a spectacular suicide.

On May 12 all survivors of the affair except Captain Haraden and his fishermen were brought to trial before Admiralty Court in Boston. Arraigned on charges of piracy were Cheeseman, Fillmore, Ivemay, Lassen, Baptis, Giles, Taffery and three other forced men, Pedro, Francisco, and another Negro slave, Archer, White, Taylor (the amputee), and William Phillips.

Fillmore and Cheeseman were immediately found not guilty and commended for their courage. Fillmore was given the late Captain John Phillips' gun, silver-headed sword, silver buckles, tobacco box and rings as a reward.

Ivemay, Lassen, Baptis, Giles, Taffery, Pedro, Francisco, and the other forced men and slaves were also released.

John Rose Archer, William White, William Taylor, and William Phillips were found guilty and sentenced to hang. Taylor and Phillips were subsequently pardoned but, on June 2, 1724, White and Archer were hanged on the Charlestown gallows. Above them flapped the pirate flag which White had constructed. Both men died humbly and wordlessly.

Archer's body was gibbeted in chains and placed on a sandspit in Boston harbor as a warning to mariners.

Five men had stolen the schooner Revenge from St. Peter's Harbor. In eight months they had cruised from the Grand Banks to Tobago and back. They captured 34 vessels, plundered them of a small fortune in booty and increased the size of the company fivefold. But fame was fleeting.

Very soon all that remained of the rich dreams of John Phillips, swash-buckling pirate king, was a pickled head which was exhibited for years at Hangman's Island, off Cape Cod. ★

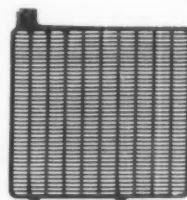
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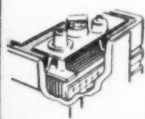
Higher compression motors are here—they require more battery starting power.

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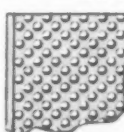
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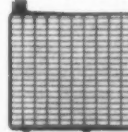
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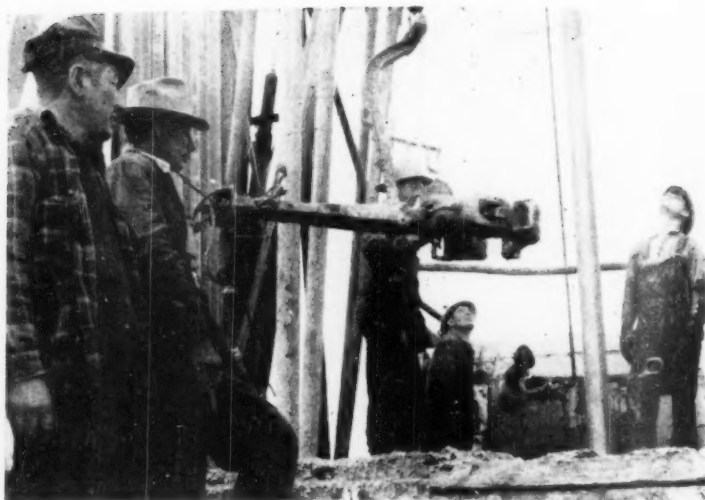
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THE PRAIRIES

TWO HUNDRED Crees of the Enoch band in Alberta stand a good chance of becoming the richest Indians in Canada. They've already received about \$100,000 for drilling rights on their reserve, 12 miles west of Edmonton, and if the wildcat well that's going down strikes oil, they stand to get 12 1/2% of the flow.

If the Enoch band strikes it rich, it won't go on a spending spree like the fabulous Indian oil millionaires of Oklahoma. They'll never see the money Imperial Oil pays for drilling rights and royalties; the 50 voting members of the band agreed that the Federal Government should hold it in trust for the Indians, pay them only the annual interest.

Winnipeg at last is doing something about its jaywalkers. A new law authorizing their prosecution is expected to pass city council before the snow flies. The old law forbade crossing between intersections but allowed the walker to ignore a red light. The new law says he must obey a red light. But...

It apparently was considered too severe to cramp Winnipeg's free-walking population completely. If there's no traffic coming, a pedestrian will

continue to ignore the red light, as always.

ONTARIO

For only about \$50 a week CHUM in Toronto, a 1,000-watt daytime radio station, gets a coverage of local news that many newspapers might envy. The idea is to enlist all the listeners as reporters. If they see or hear of a news item, they dial EL 4271, collect \$1 to \$5 if they're first with the story.

One woman phoned in a traffic accident in which her husband was injured before she called the ambulance. Another woman notified the station that she was about to kill her husband and commit suicide, was held on the line by fast-talking Phil Stone, the news editor, until the police arrived. A businessman saw a window washer slipping from a sill across the street, phoned Stone and gave him the news just as the washer hit the sidewalk.

CHUM's biggest news break was the Noronic disaster. A cabbie called the station, which was off the air for the night, and the watchman roused the staff. By sunrise, when the station was allowed to go on the air, it had lined up full coverage. Variety, the trade magazine, gave CHUM its award for outstanding news coverage.

NEXT ISSUE

I'm Glad I Had Polio

By Georgia Bailey

When my neck went stiff and I had trouble swallowing I kidded my girl friend that I had polio. Then I collapsed in a heap on the floor—paralyzed. That was more than a year ago. Today I'm back at my job and I go dancing with my boy friend. And I'm a better woman for the experience.

OCT. 1 ISSUE

ON SALE SEPT. 27

The cabbie got \$25 from the station, a cheque from his employer and a lighter from NBC, for which CHUM had taped its interviews and arranged television shots.

QUEBEC

Quebec's credit unions are observing the golden jubilee of a multi-million-dollar institution which started with a dime. On Dec. 6, 1900, Alphonse Desjardins of Levis deposited 10 cents in the first of the *caisses populaires*.

A credit union is a kind of bank owned by its depositors, who generally belong to the same trade, or work for the same employer or live in the same parish. They draw interest on their deposits, may borrow from the common fund. The movement started by Desjardins has 1,100 branches in Quebec alone worth \$225 millions. There are another 1,600 branches in other parts of North America.

THE MARITIMES

Moncton, New Brunswick's second city, recently celebrated the 60th anniversary of incorporation with an elaborate two-week program. When hotel men totted up their figures afterward, an amazing fact came to light. Business had actually fallen off during the Diamond Jubilee.

Lots of visitors came to town but few lingered. The Junior Chamber of Commerce had only one tenth of its usual requests to find overnight accommodation. Motorists sped by the tourist camps to bed down elsewhere.

Nobody can be sure of the reason, but it's thought that too many travelers

Cameron said the car should by rights be returned to its owner but the law allowed him no discretion.

NEWFOUNDLAND

Newfoundlanders can't quite sing "Every Day's a Holiday" but to the mainlander it looks that way. The banks observe 18 holidays in the course of the year; businesses add on a few more to bring the grand total to near two dozen.

New Year's Day, Thanksgiving, Labor Day and Christmas are holidays,

of course. Then you add days on the margin of regular holidays, such as Good Friday, Easter Monday, Boxing Day. May 24 is observed as Empire Day. July 1 is a holiday but it's not Dominion Day; it's a day of mourning for the losses of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment at Beaumont Hamel in France on July 1, 1916.

The King's birthday is a holiday. So is St. John's Day on June 24, now called Newfoundland Day, for that's the day in 1497 that Cabot came to Newfoundland. In August there's regatta day, a movable feast that can

be put off until the weather is right.

The various races which go to make up the island are also remembered. January 25 is Burns Day for the Scottish poet, March 17 honors St. Patrick, April 24 is for St. George. And to round everything off, the whole island, about 60% Protestant, stops work on July 12, the Orangemen's great day.

Confederation with Canada was achieved on an April 1. This is still an ordinary work day; indeed, many Newfoundlanders are convinced that more than ever April 1 deserves to be called All Fools. ★

Next Issue

THE IMPULSIVE CRUSADER OF HOLY BLOSSOM

The story of Rabbi Abraham Feinberg, unofficial spokesman for Canada's 200,000 Jews.

Oct. 1. On Sale Sept. 27

came to the same conclusion: that because of the jubilee there wouldn't be any room in Moncton.

* * *

The Dominion Government eliminated a village, tore down a hill, filled a swamp and built a glass-enclosed swimming pool to create the newest national park, Fundy Park, a 90-square-mile tract on the shores of the Bay of Fundy between Moncton and Saint John.

Although Fundy has miles of beaches the water is too cold for any but the hardest swimmers, so the park's swimming pool is heated. The glass walls are to protect it from cool winds from the bay.

The hamlet that was wiped from the earth was tiny Alma West, which made way for a golf course. When an old resident came back recently to see the park he commented: "The good Lord Himself wouldn't know the place."

* * *

At first glance it looked like another misfire by P. E. I.'s odd liquor laws. A Charlottetown citizen had his car seized because he had picked up a hitchhiker who was carrying liquor illegally.

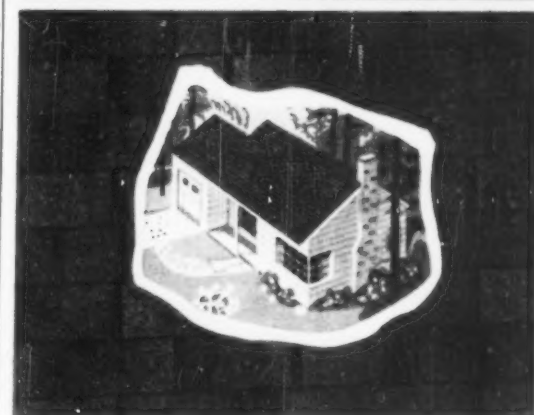
But P. E. I. statutes weren't to blame this time. The seizure was made by the RCMP under the Excise Act. In Exchequer Court Mr. Justice C. A.



BP Asphalt Shingles

assure lasting beauty and protection — overhead

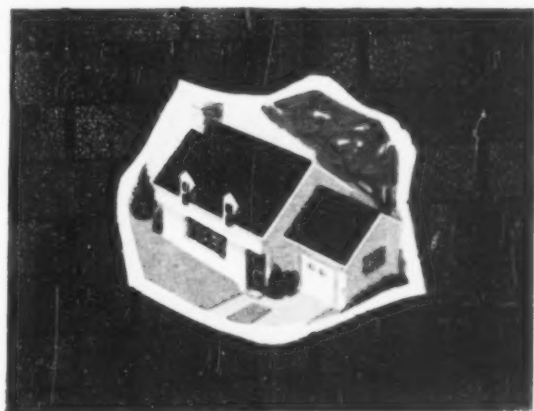
for any home — in any weather



LASTING BEAUTY crowns your home when you have colourful, enduring B.P. Asphalt Shingles overhead. There are many distinctive colours from which you can make your own selection—like the attractive blend of rich, warm reds shown above.



THERE'S ALSO SECURITY beneath a "B.P. roof"—these shingles are as tough as they are beautiful—are fire-resistant and weather-resistant too. Illustrated is a bright and lovely blue that harmonizes perfectly with the stone masonry of the home shown.



AND ECONOMY! There's no paint, stain or maintenance expense as B.P. Asphalt Shingles stay beautiful in any weather—retaining their rich, glowing colours, of which this blended green is another example.

B.P. ASPHALT SHINGLES (both blended and plain colours) are made by the makers of famous B.P. Flortile; B.P. Insul-Board; B.P. Insul-Bric, Insul-Tex, and Insul-Stone Sidings; and other building materials for better Canadian living.

For complete information and illustrated literature, send this handy coupon direct to P.O. Box 6063, Montreal, or P.O. Box 2876, Winnipeg—underlining the products (above) in which you are interested.



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That means it has been checked to see that Styron (Dow's famous polystyrene plastic) is the right material for that particular article.

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Look for it on Housewares!

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TORONTO MONTREAL REGINA



Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: This tuneful Irving Berlin musical is a honey of a show, even if Betty Hutton does strain a bit in her efforts to knock you right into the aisle.

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE: Without any celebrities in the cast, the gifted John Huston unfolds an absorbing tale of a million-dollar safecracking. A brilliant underworld thriller.

BROKEN ARROW: The Indians are the "good guys" in this competent frontier drama, and the palefaces are mostly villains, except for James Stewart. An enjoyable item.

THE CARIBOO TRAIL: Pretentiously billed as a slice of British Columbia history, this made-in-Colorado western rates below average in its category. With Randolph Scott, Gabby Hayes.

DUCHESS OF IDAHO: Esther Williams is as easy on the eyes as ever and there are some pleasant moments in this Sun Valley musical in spite of a silly story.

FATHER OF THE BRIDE: Upper-crust domestic comedy about the ordeals of an expectant papa-in-law. Spencer Tracy, in the title role, is often quite amusing.

THE GLASS MOUNTAIN (British): Baritone Tito Gobbi resonantly sings dull music during pauses in a lethargic story about a married Briton's romance with an Italian peasant girl.

THE GREAT JEWEL ROBBER: David Brian is tough and silky as a "society burglar" who began his real-life career in Ontario. A fair-to-maudlin crook drama.

JOHNNY HOLIDAY: The state reform school depicted in this sincere but bumbling story seems a lot cozier than

most summer camps. Bill Bendis is a gruff stable-chief with a heart of gold.

LOVE HAPPY: Groucho is practically wasted, Chico is almost as inactive, and only Harpo gets a chance to approach his old-time form in this disappointing reunion of the admirable Marx Brothers.

OUR VERY OWN: Ann Dvorak's honest portrayal of a middle-aged tramp considerably enlivens this wholesome yarn about a young girl (Ann Blyth) who learns that she was adopted.

PRELUDE TO FAME (British): Specially for concert fans, this is a recommendable music-drama about a junior Toscanini and the ruthless woman who abducts him.

SPY HUNT: The plot is confusing, but two photogenic black panthers on the loose in Switzerland help to stimulate an otherwise routine espionage chiller.

STARS IN MY CROWN: Joel McCrea as a rugged parson in a meandering, nostalgic story of frontier days. Some of the hearty folksiness is a mile overpowering.

SUNSET BOULEVARD: A bizarre and fascinating melodrama about a faded movie star (Gloria Swanson) whose attempt of a comeback ends in tragedy in the grand manner. For adults, mainly.

THE WHITE TOWER: Six climbers (including, of course, one beautiful woman) tackle a spectacular mountain which represents Eternity, etc. An excess of windy dialogue dulls the edge of the alpine excitement.

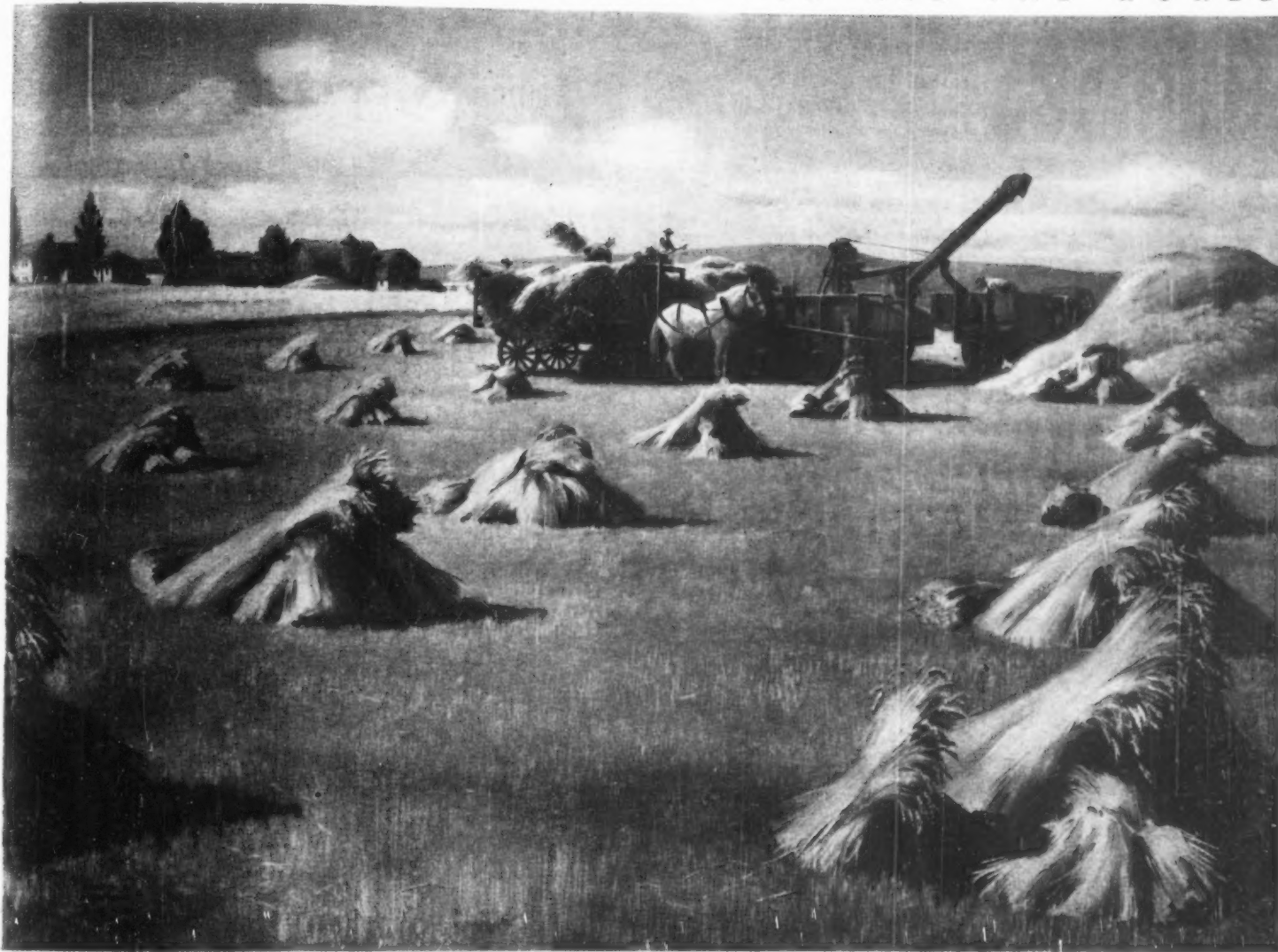
YOUNG LOVERS: Some interesting close-ups of life in a polio hospital fail to outweigh the manifold weaknesses of this well-meant, bumbling little sob-story.

GILMOUR RATES—

All the King's Men: Drama, Excellent.
Astonished Heart: Polite Drama, Fair.
Big Hangover: Legal comedy, Fair.
Big Lift: Berlin drama, Fair.
Bright Leaf: Tobacco drama, Fair.
Chain Lightning: Air action, Fair.
Cheaper by the Dozen: Comedy, Fair.
Chiltern Hundreds: Comedy, Good.
Cinderella: Fantasy, Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy, Tops.
Comanche Territory: Western, Good.
Curtain Call at Cactus Creek: Western show-business comedy, Good.
D.O.A.: Detective drama, Fair.
Francis: Military farce, Fair.
Golden Twenties: Historical, Good.
Good Humor Man: Slapstick, Fair.
Great Rupert: Family comedy, Poor.
Guilty of Treason: Drama, Fair.
Gunfighter: Western, Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy, Good.
Holiday Affair: Romance, Fair.
In a Lonely Place: Suspense, Fair.
Intruder in the Dust: Drama, Good.
Jackie Robinson Story: Baseball, Fair.
Key to the City: Love-comedy, Fair.
Kill the Umpire: Slapstick, Poor.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy, Excellent for adults.
Lost Boundaries: Racial drama, Good.
Love That Brute: Gang comedy, Poor.
Man on Eiffel Tower: Suspense, Fair.

Miss Grant Takes Richmond: Comedy-romance, Fair.
Morning Departure: Sea drama, Fair.
Mother Didn't Tell Me: Comedy, Poor.
My Foolish Heart: Romance, Fair.
My Friend Irma Goes West: Ranch slapstick, Fair.
Night and the City: Crime drama, Good.
No Sad Songs For Me: Drama, Fair.
Outriders: Wagon-trail western, Fair.
Peggy: Adolescent comedy, Poor.
Perfect Strangers: Romance, Fair.
Reformer and Redhead: Comedy, Fair.
Riding High: Turf comedy, Good.
Rocketship XM: Space drama, Fair.
Secret Fury: Suspense, Poor.
Sheriff's Daughter: Comedy, Good.
Skipper Surprised His Wife: Domestic comedy, Fair.
Stage Fright: Suspense, Good.
State Dep't. File 649: Drama, Fair.
Stromboli: Italian drama, Poor.
Sundowners: Western, Fair.
Third Man: Vienna drama, Good.
Tight Little Island: Comedy, Tops.
Three Came Home: Drama, Good.
Twelve O'Clock High: War drama, Tops.
Under My Skin: Turf drama, Fair.
Wabash Avenue: Musical, Fair.
When Willie Comes Marching Home: Military comedy, Excellent.
Woman in Hiding: Suspense, Fair.
Woman of Distinction: Comedy, Fair.
Woman on Pier 13: Spy drama, Fair.
Yellow Cab Man: Slapstick, Fair.
Young Man With a Horn: Musical, Fair.

CANADA PRODUCES WHEAT FOR ALL THE WORLD



Each year, Canada, one of the world's greatest granaries, ships abroad millions of bushels of wheat and other life-sustaining grains. The peoples of many lands depend on Canada's rich harvest for their daily bread.

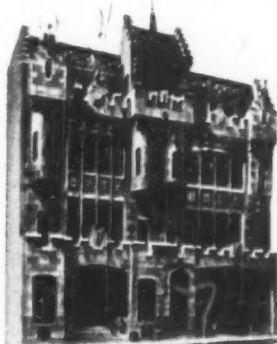
Why Seagram's sells Canada first

This advertisement is an adaptation of one of a series created by The House of Seagram to tell the peoples of other lands about Canada and her various products. For the past two years this campaign has been appearing in newspapers and magazines printed in many languages and circulated throughout the world.

Our prosperity is based on our ability to sell our products to other countries. Every Canadian has a personal stake in foreign trade, for one out of every three dollars of Canada's national income results from our trade abroad. The more that the peoples of other

countries know of the quality, variety and prestige of our products, the more likely they are to buy from us.

❖ ❖ ❖



We feel that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary line of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—this view embraces the entire Dominion. That is why The House of Seagram believes that it is in the interest of every Canadian manufacturer to help the sale of all Canadian products in foreign markets. It is in this spirit that these advertisements are being published throughout the world.

The House of Seagram

Promises from Tampax

Tampax is a word full of meaning for every woman who faces each month the problem of sanitary protection. Millions of women are using the Tampax method today; how about you?

Tampax promises you

complete freedom from belts, pins and external pads—freedom from odor, chafing and binding. Gone is the fear that bulges or ridges may be revealed under your dress or skirt. With Tampax this *cannot* happen.

Tampax promises you

a thoroughly scientific, doctor-invented method, combining efficiency and delicacy. Pure surgical cotton is contained in slender patented disposable applicators designed for easy insertion. The Tampax, in place, is absolutely invisible and *unfelt*.

Tampax promises you

a new peace of mind and confidence during "those unpleasant days." Buy it now at drug or notion counter and tuck a month's supply into purse. (3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior.) Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.



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CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED,
Brampton, Ontario.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of
Tampax. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Size
is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

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What It Feels Like To Be a Millionaire

Continued from page 11

afternoon as he drives in with our other car—a less expensive model—and has to lean on the horn to even get them to put gas in it.

I've read more than one article with the theme: "Pity the poor Millionaire." Somebody is trying to kid the readers. Don't let them fool you. If you can be a millionaire go ahead and be one. It's a lot of fun. Maybe you will think at times that you're supporting the Federal Government singlehanded, but it's not the taxes that count—it's what you have left. The tax deducted from the weekly cheque I receive from my company alone would have kept me and my entire family comfortably years ago, but it doesn't bother me as much as when the government took two bucks off me. I never even think of it.

Fun From Accomplishment

But don't get the idea that money will solve any really fundamental problems. It may sound a bit dog-eared—most truths do—but you really can't buy the best things in life. When you're in the chips you realize that a lot of the things you used to dream about having don't turn out to be so important after all. You really can't buy enjoyment. When I think of the happiest times of my life, my thoughts always go back to simple things that I could have enjoyed for peanuts a night around a campfire, singing on a train coming back from a holiday week end, winning the friendship and confidence of some notoriously tough buyer.

The real satisfaction is in accomplishment. That's where all my fun has come from, it's where it still comes from, and it's why I keep as active today as I did when I was a young punk bursting at the seams with ambition. The money is fine but it's incidental. Anyone who makes it a goal in itself is in for a big letdown.

The biggest kick I ever got from money in itself was the feeling that at last I was out from under the financial gun. For years I worked mighty close to the line. I could have gone broke with a crash that would have been heard from coast to coast. I've been plenty worried. To feel the pressure coming off was like coming out of a tunnel.

Not that it ends worry. Now and then I find myself seeing gloomy pictures of the future and I realize that I could worry as much about going broke today as I did when I had \$200—if I let myself.

Another thing, the old habits of economy hang on. I juggled finances so long even now I hate to lose a 40 cent discount on my hydro bill. I still can't stand to see waste. I go around turning off lights and more than once, when I've been taking a group of important customers through the plant, I've spotted a good carton lying in a trash container and have come back later to salvage it. I've seen the day when I didn't have enough surplus cash in the business to buy one of those cartons.

I've always kept track of my money in two or three of those little note pads you buy in the five-and-ten store. Sometimes the cost of one of those books was the difference between a 25 cent and a 40 cent meal. Today we give them away by the hundreds to customers at conventions, yet I still can't get over thinking every time I see one handed out, "There goes another 15 cents."

I've found that money can sometimes lose you good friends. One couple who have given my wife and me some of the best evenings of our lives stopped inviting us to their home because they figured that now I'd made the financial grade I'd want to move on to flashier friends. We invited them to our place but they always backed out because they thought we were just being polite.

On the other hand, a few people who used to find me as flat as a rainy Monday morning suddenly discovered that I was a great guy to be with. And between the time when I lost my first



Jimmy McLarnin

tells his thrill-packed life story for the first time in a five-part series beginning in the next issue. Ralph Allen, editor of Maclean's, went to Los Angeles to get this exclusive story which traces the exciting career of one of the greatest fighters of all time, the only Canadian to enter the fighters' Hall of Fame with the famous few like Fitzsimmons, Dempsey and John L. Sullivan.

BEGINNING IN THE NEXT ISSUE

On sale Sept. 27

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LITTLE**

**SAVES A
LOT**

in engine performance & maintenance

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Just check the advantages which Kase-Vent gives you —

- Controls Oil Dilution
- Reduces Moisture
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Toronto - Canada

wife in 1941 and when I married again about three years later I noticed a lot of women with single daughters always managed to be right where I was.

A lot of people started to sit up nights figuring out ways to spend my money for me. People I hadn't seen for years started phoning to say that they had to see me right away. I don't know why, but anyone who wants to get rid of some money for you always has to do it right away. These guys come up to the office all out of breath, outline a plan for getting my name up in neon lights over a new enterprise, and all I have to do is kick in \$50,000. They then sit there waiting for me to write out the cheque. When I say "I'll think it over," they get mad.

These guys, too, if we happen to have lunch together, automatically wait for me to pick up the check. I don't mind picking up the check, but I like it to be my idea. When it's theirs it seems to put friendship on a cash-and-carry basis.

No matter how much money you spend on donations some people never think it's enough. I remember one time I was asked to contribute to a sports project. I asked what was the most anyone had contributed and I matched it dollar for dollar. The collector didn't seem very happy about it. I asked him what was the matter. He said he didn't think it was enough. I pointed to the figure in surprise, wondering if he had understood me, and he said, "I know, Mr. Stafford, but a man of your means—you haven't got anything in there compared to what you're worth." That money, I figured out afterward, would have kept me 50 years at the rate I lived when I was trying to pay my way through business college.

I've found that people are inclined to think vaguely that a millionaire is something like a man who is double-jointed—that he was born that way. Believe me, I wasn't.

Three Years For \$250

I was born on July 5, 1894, on a farm near Port Elgin, Ont., the second eldest of nine children. My father was one of the hardest-working farmers in the country. I went to a country school on the 12th concession of Bruce County, called SS No. 14, until I'd reached junior fourth. Then my mother died and I was sent to work on a farm owned by relatives. That was the end of my schooling. I never did get past fractions.

My salary was \$50 for six months. That's less than \$2 a week. At the end of the six months I collected \$10. That was the first money I ever earned. My dad had to go after the other \$40. If that's what people call being born rich they can have it. I fell into money the way a rock falls up a hill.

When I left the farm I walked 10 miles to Port Elgin and went to work in a bakeshop. After about a year of getting in at 4 in the morning to grease pans I decided there must be better ways of making a living. I got a job making whisks. I'm still a skilled whisk maker and I figure I can still make a living at it if things get tough. At the last count I was making two whisks every five minutes.

But I needed more education and to get it I'd have to have more money. I started figuring out ways to make it. The first thing was to get my whisk

production up. I began getting in an hour earlier in the morning and taking half an hour for lunch so that I could get my machine set up and have everything ready when the whistle blew. I got into the habit of running to and from work. I made so much money on piece work that the company cut the rates for the whole plant. The incentive system in reverse.

It took me three years to save \$250. During that time, coming in those mornings before anyone else had arrived, I used to look at the desks in the office gleaming in the half light of

dawn, and I'd think, "There's the place I want to be." I decided to use my \$250 for a business course.

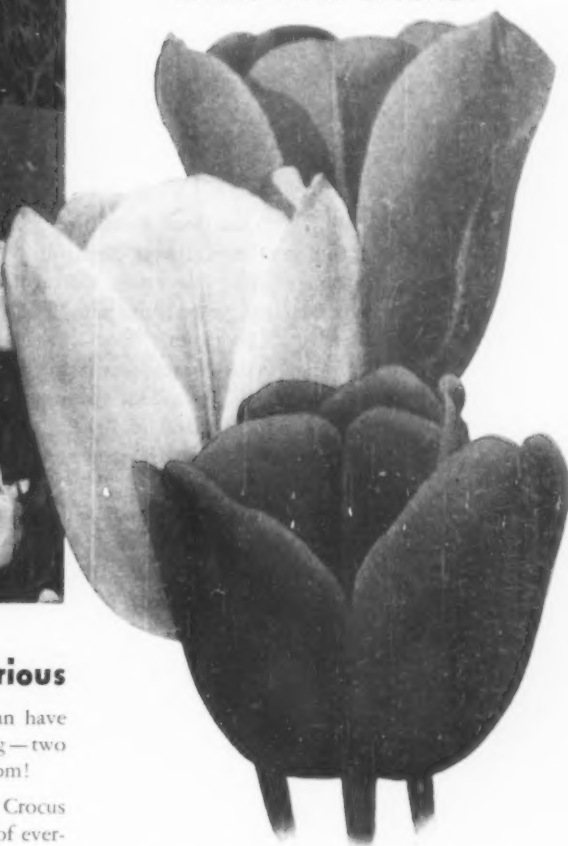
I didn't write too well so I got another chap to write to a business college for me and enrolled for a six-month course in Owen Sound. I got a room at the YMCA, bought meal tickets entitling me to a week's meals for \$3.50, and stopped eating breakfast so that I could stretch it out to a week and a half.

I ended up with a job as assistant secretary in the YMCA. Then I heard that the Seldon House Hotel needed a

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Holland Bulbs Make Spring Glorious

This fall, with little effort and at low cost you can have your garden filled with gorgeous color all next spring—two to three whole months before most other flowers bloom!

It's so easy to plant Tulips, Daffodils, Hyacinths, Crocus—in beds or borders, along a path or drive, in front of evergreens or shrubs, even at your doorstep.

To get the most for your money—largest flowers, choicest colors—be sure you plant bulbs imported from Holland. Your bulbs are ready now, so see your local store or order from your favorite catalog right away!

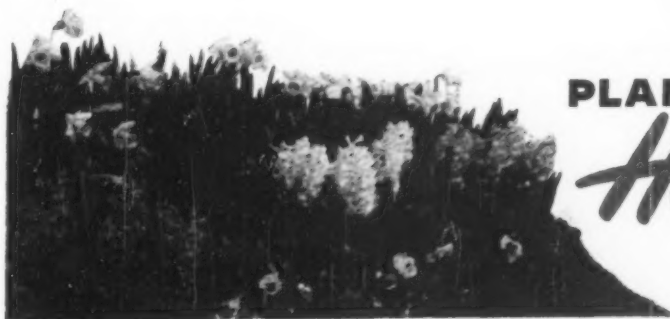
ASSOCIATED BULB GROWERS OF HOLLAND, Dept. 32, 41 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



Get Imported Holland Bulbs from seedsmen, nurseries, florists, also chain, hardware, and dept. stores.

Dealers displaying this emblem have helpful booklets telling how to plant, filled with ideas for your garden—for as few as a dozen bulbs, up to hundreds of a kind.

PLANT IMPORTED
Holland Bulbs
THIS FALL



MACLEAN'S

"Did you hear a kind of jingling sound . . .?"

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

1951



A CENTURY AGO the Great Exhibition of 1851 drew visitors to Britain from all over the world. Next year's Festival, to commemorate that event, will in its turn be remembered a hundred years from now, long after the headlines of today are forgotten.

The coming Festival is the greatest ever planned. The 1851 Exhibition was confined to London, and its keynote was industrial progress; the Festival of Britain 1951 will be spread throughout the United Kingdom and will put the whole nation on show.

Exhibitions in London, Glasgow and Belfast will tell the story of Britain's contribution to civilisation in Science, Invention, Industry and Architecture. In addition, twenty-three centres throughout England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland will hold Festivals of the Arts.

In support of this official programme there will be something of interest for the visitor to see in cities, towns and villages all over the country — from carnivals, exhibitions, pageants and traditional ceremonies to sporting events of all kinds.

From May to September, for five packed months, wherever he goes throughout the United Kingdom the visitor will find

BRITAIN AT HOME TO THE WORLD

Further details of the Festival Programme will be published in this magazine over the next few months.

bookkeeper. I went after the job and got it. From there I went to the Bank of Hamilton in Owen Sound and worked up to a point where I was relieving managers. But I figured that there was no future in the bank for me. I wanted to sell.

Finally I got a job with a large international packing house in Winnipeg. After a couple of years of fighting off promotions that would put me farther up a blind alley I talked them into sending me out on the road. I became a salesman. I've been a salesman ever since.

I drummed up business from Winnipeg to Vancouver and from the international border to Dawson Creek, at 50 below, and 102 above, in towns where the only sound was the yapping of prairie dogs in the daytime and the howling of coyotes at night. I've stood talking to a customer with a lantern on the counter and turned around to see a row of six Indians who had crept in in the dark on moccasins to listen to me talk.

My firm didn't supply a sample case in those days so I had one about the size of a show window built at my own expense. I got low in the shoulder from carrying that thing around the Prairies and today when I buy a suit I still have to have my right shoulder padded up an inch and a half. I used to get the hotel maids sore by using the hotel towels to polish up my samples. I got the nickname of "Olives" from always displaying them in my room.

In Deep at the Bank

After eight years of selling with three different food firms I started a commission business of my own in Vancouver. Things went pretty well till the depression caught me without any reserves and I went broke. I came back East with my family. I scraped up \$185 and bought my Jordan. Then, the day I ran out of gas, I decided to give the commission business another try.

I started in selling a line of candies and, as soon as I had scraped a few bucks together, I tried manufacturing a few lines of my own. The first one was a chocolate sauce that I mixed up

in my one-room plant and canned, six tins at a time. My own lines began to move and I tapered off my commission lines.

I needed capital, plenty of it. I went to five banks before I found one that would even cash my cheques. Finally one bank manager loaned me \$200. I kept after him for more. I got in so deep that every time I'd walk into the bank he would start pounding his desk and saying, "You're crowding us. You're pushing us too hard."

But I knew that I could make it go and I kept their confidence. Then one day I was invited by an official of the head office of the bank to have lunch with him. I found myself in the directors' private dining room, surrounded by the general manager, the president and half a dozen of the directors. I knew I'd arrived. One of the men at that table was the manager who had loaned me the \$200. He mentioned it and one of the other men laughed and said, "Did you pay it back?"

I said, "I must have or I wouldn't be sitting here."

Since then nearly all the big banks have solicited our business.

Today I own Stafford Industries, Stafford Metals, Oakville Fruits, and I'm president of the company which owns the Liberty Building, a Toronto office block. I manufacture 410 speciality food products that appear on tables from Halifax to Vancouver and there's hardly a town or city in Canada without a restaurant or soda fountain which doesn't use some of my products. Instead of making six cans of chocolate sauce at a time I'm turning out more than 19,000 a day.

It's only the beginning. I'm just as keen on my job now as I was the night I hunched over a stove in my 2 x 4 office whipping up my first batch of butterscotch.

It's true that the first million is the hardest. But it can be done. You want to know how?

First, get your sights on what you want and don't lower them. Don't let anyone get you off the track with beer sessions, pool and any of the other organized forms of loafing. The world is full of young fellows who are wizards

NAUSEA

Used successfully for
nearly half a century
on LAND and SEA.

THE WORLD OVER

caused by
travel motion,
relieved with



23

AT DRUGGISTS

MENTHOLATED for COOLNESS

CAMEO MENTHOL CIGARETTES

COOL SOOTHING SATISFYING

Smoke CAMEO MENTHOL for a welcome change

PREVENT FIRES

Dear Mr. Editor, I View With Alarm . . .

Bring me my paper and my pen,
Bring me my envelope of fire,
That I may heap on sluggish men
My righteous and indignant ire.

It matters not how vague the cause,
How nebulous the charges laid,
I fight all wrongs, all unjust laws,
My ink is pale but unafraid.

I do not scorn crusaders when
A baser weapon brings reward,
It's simply that I find the pen
Is so much lighter than the sword.

—P. J. Blackwell

with a snooker cue or a golf club and who can tell you who batted a triple in the last half of the fourth in the 1924 World Series; but most of them got that way at the expense of something else. Put it off till you've made the grade. I never played golf until I was 40, but I get a lot of fun out of it now and I shoot a fair game.

Stick to one line. Don't jump into something different every time someone waves a \$5 bill in your face. Keep healthy. I go to the YMCA Health Club three times each week.

Forget about security. There's no such a thing. Don't go around asking about pension plans, sick benefits, trying to tape out your whole future. Forget failure. Stick your neck out. Get yourself behind the eight ball and make yourself work to get out of the jam. You've got to drive yourself.

Look for the good in people. You'll get taken a few times, but it won't amount to anything compared to the good solid friends you will make. And friends are more important than money, even to a millionaire. ★



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100 BULBS Now Only \$1.98

FREE of Extra Charge

12 RARE, IMPORTED ANEMONE Bulbs will be sent you at no extra cost if you hurry and send in your order NOW.

SEND NO MONEY

Order now—pay later. Simply send name and address, and when your carton of 100 Tulip Bulbs plus 12 extra IMPORTED ANEMONE BULBS arrives, pay the postman only \$1.98 plus C.O.D. charges. To save more money—send with this order and bulbs will be sent prepaid. Don't miss this great TULIP bargain. Write today to

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These are healthy, hardy bulbs—carefully selected from the finest planting stock of famous gardens—already 1 1/2" to 2 1/4" in circumference. Prize selection of famous young 1st and 2nd year bulbs. Available for the first time in Canada at this amazing price because our own representative inspected the stock of nursery gardens throughout the world and bought the stock when the market price was low—and now are passing the tremendous savings to you! But you must order now to take advantage of this wonderful Tulip bargain—bulbs will be shipped in time for Fall planting.

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Send orders checked below in time for regular Fall planting. Money back guarantee of satisfaction.

☐ 100 Tulip Bulbs averaging 1 1/2 to 2 1/4 inches in circumference (mixed colors) \$1.98

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☐ 50 Imported Holland Snow Drops \$1.98

FREE of EXTRA CHARGE

☐ With 1 order—12 Anemone

☐ 2 orders or more—12 Anemone and 12 Ranunculus

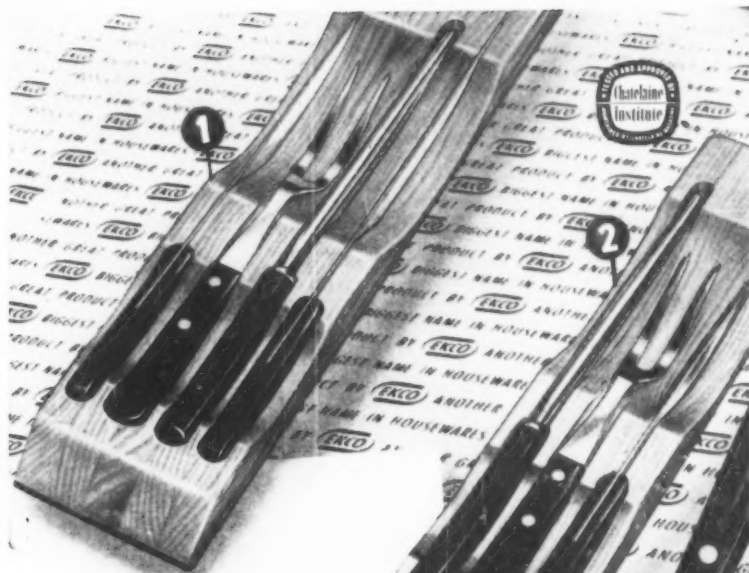
☐ Cash enclosed. Michigan Bulb pays postage.

☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.

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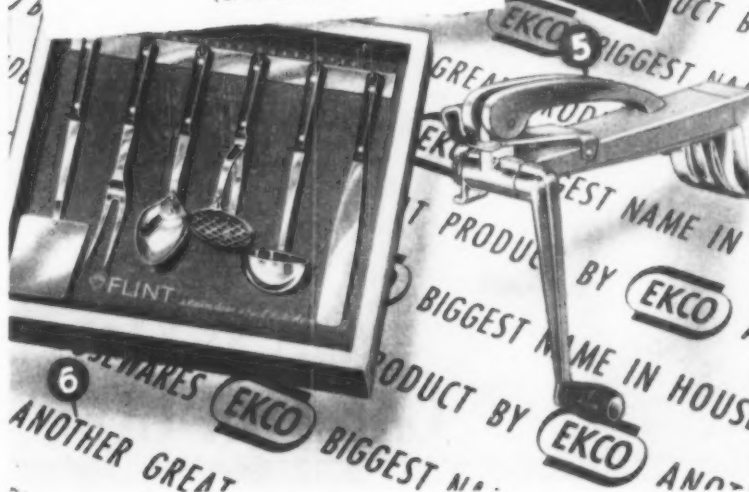
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SIX FAMOUS KITCHEN AIDS by EKCO

- 1 "FLINT" four-piece carving set in a polished hardwood holder . . . The Ham Slicer and 9" Roast Slicer have hollow-ground, stainless steel blades. A magnetic sharpening and honing steel and Two-Time Fork complete the set. Handles are of solid rosewood.
- 2 "FLINT" three-piece block set . . . 9" Roast Slicer, Magnetic Sharpening and Honing Steel and Two-Time Fork.
- 3 "FLINT" All-Purpose Utility Slicer . . . The hollow-ground stainless steel blade has hand-set serrations. Excellent for slicing vegetables, fruit, bread, cheese, raw meats, etc.
- 4 "FLINT" "Best" Food Mixer . . . Revolutionary Nylon gears, chrome plated die-cast frame. Stainless steel blades. Packed in attractive gift box.
- 5 "FLINT" Can Opener . . . Opens any size or shape can quickly. Cutting and drive wheels of hardened, tempered tool steel. Hollow-ground cutting edge stays sharp indefinitely. Attractively gift packaged.
- 6 "FLINT" Kitchen Tools . . . Six stainless steel tools and wall rack. Heat resisting hang-up handles. Packed in attractive gift box.

EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY
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he has a silver spoon in his mouth, too...

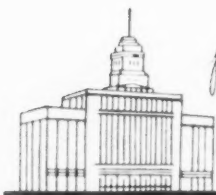
Just before "junior" was born, Dad had said:

"In my day we used to say that people who got the breaks were born with silver spoons in their mouths."

"In this family," he went on, "we can't hope for a fairy godmother, or even a rich uncle to supply the spoon. For this little fellow... and I'll still bet it'll be a boy," he added with a confident grin at mother-to-be, "we're going to buy that silver spoon right now."

Well, Dad got his boy. He also got the spoon... a Canada Life program that guaranteed protection to Mother and son, and even included enough to put the lad through college.

"People with confidence in Canada Life have been buying silver spoons from them for over 100 years," he observed later. "With a company as strong and long-lasting as that, we know our boy's silver spoon is as good as gold!"



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The CANADA LIFE
Assurance Company

MAILBAG

He Wants to Educate The Educationists

If your readers are satisfied by the type of reasoning embodied in Fred Bodsworth's article, "Why Half Our High School Students Quit" (Aug. 1), all that one can say is that they are badly in need of the "mental discipline" contained in the "brain-teaser type of education."

Education should be made more practical. What does that mean? . . . The high school is to be an information bureau, handing out morsels of "What Every Adolescent Should Know" which no more resemble a coherent system of education than a bin of assorted scrap iron resembles a battleship.

On the content of education we should "consult young people themselves." The student cannot be relied on to give an unbiased opinion, even if we accepted the ridiculous supposition that he was competent to form one. Things have come to a pretty pass if the problem of education which exercised the minds of King Solomon, Plato and the Jesuit Fathers is to be now referred to the Beanery Gang.

The worst feature of this article is that it draws unjustifiable conclusions from statistics which are presented in a slovenly and impartial manner. The economic factor, we are told, is not an important cause of "drop-outs." Yet if the total drop-out is nearly 10%, while only "three out of 10" (30%) of the above-average income group quit, the economic factor is plainly influential. Again the committee implies that low earning capacity is not the major cause of drop-outs. Twenty-five per cent of those with above-average intelligence, 55% of the average group quit. The proportion of quitters in the sub-par bracket is somewhat disingenuously suppressed but we may conjecture it to be not less than 75%, making intelligence a factor of the first importance. The drop-outs themselves blame the course of study. Were there no psychologists on the committee to point out that no drop-out is going to label himself a moron or a deadbeat, when he is permitted, if not invited, to blame the curriculum?

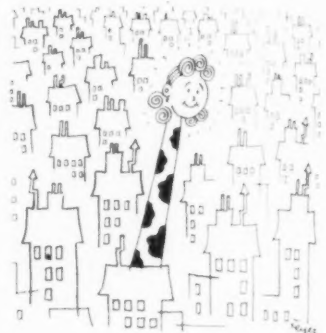
The high-school system may after all be in need of reform, but if Bodsworth has given us a just idea of the best that the Canadian Research Committee on Practical Education can produce in realism, logic and the objective presentation of evidence, our first and most urgent duty is to step right out and educate our educationists—on sound "classical-mathematical" lines. —Leslie Marion, East York, Ont.

• This article should be given careful consideration by all those interested in education. Tradition is a fine thing, applicable to old buildings, churches, memorials, coins, stamps and such like, but should not be used in schools or business concerns. —W. Player, Ottawa.

Mirage in Hamilton

Having lived in Hamilton for some years, and having visited the City Hall to pay taxes, I do know that Gore Park is not visible from the windows of the City Hall. It is a block distant around

the corner with fairly high buildings between, and not even the physical optics of Eva-Lis Wuorio or Mayor Jackson, or Ellen herself, can see the trees and flowered lawns of Gore Square. But it's a good article "Ellen



Goes to Ottawa," Aug. 1 and Ellen Fairclough is a good representative. I enjoy Eva-Lis; more power to her pen. —W. H. Pike, London, Ont.

• I so much enjoyed "Ellen Goes to Ottawa" that I thought I would like Eva-Lis Wuorio to know that she has one more to add to her list of appreciative readers. —M. J. Musgrove, Vancouver.

Question in the Mist

Who's all wet—the slickerless sailor or Artist Arbuckle? (Cover, Aug. 1) —W. Ludger Blair, Montreal.

Sailors don't care.

Painless in Halifax, Too

I would like to congratulate you on your practical article by June Callwood on painless childbirth (July 15). It certainly measures up well to your usual high standard. —Mrs. C. McClure Melfort, Sask.

• "... the only person in Canada who teaches Read's method." Indeed! In Halifax we are proud of Dr. Bengt Atlee (he used to write the Kent Power mystery stories for Maclean's. —Ed.) who is the pioneer here in teaching *natural not painless* childbirth; several other obstetricians, the Dalhousie Public Health clinic and Miss Graham, a nurse-instructor there; and the nurses of the Grace Maternity Hospital, all of whom have cooperated to help a number of mothers who have relaxed and panted and borne down to deliver their babies naturally. I had my second child last February with only three whiffs of ether in the last minute. . . . Tell June Callwood interesting things sometimes happen outside of Toronto, even though it is the centre of the universe. (Oh yes, we live there too). —Margaret Fraser, Halifax.

Never Borrow, She Says

Having stopped overnight at a tourist home in Sackville, N.B., I had

From CANADA to CUBA



7 OUT OF 10 CHOOSE EAGLE MIRADO AS SMOOTHER

In Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver and eight other cities, thousands of office people tested MIRADO against the pencil they were using, and 7 out of 10 chose MIRADO. Try it yourself!

EAGLE "Chemi-Sealed" (SUPER BONDED) **MIRADO PENCILS**

EAGLE "CHEMI-SEALED" MIRADO 174 HB

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Freezone Liquid Corn Remover starts to cool, soothe, burning pain—and remove corns the instant it's applied. Then continued as directed, corns are painlessly removed or you get double your money back. Get Freezone for your annoying corns and enjoy the wonderful relief that can be yours, today.

STOPS STAINS

Rub PRO-TEK on hands before doing dirty or messy jobs. You can't see or feel it—nor is it greasy or sticky. Excellent when painting. Soap and water take it off, stains and grime with it. Big jar 50c.



PRO-TEK

pened to pick up one of the Maclean's magazines of February, 1950. Read your editorial in regard to the English wig-wag signal. You did admit perhaps it was uncharitable but you had a sneaking suspicion that the U. S. auto workers would consider the wig wag as unAmerican and even sissified.

Since when do we the U. S. citizens have to borrow from the English? England has never paid her debts. I hope that eventually Canada will be this country, the United States of America. —Burma Gentner, Lawrence, Mass.

How Far Can a Skunk Shoot?

Sure enjoyed Charles Neville's "The Day You Meet Your Skunk" (Aug. 1). But he left one vital question unanswered. What is the range of Mr. Skunk's formidable weapon? I'd like to know how far to jump to avoid both barrels. —Geo Dranfield, Toronto.

Our expert says 10 feet in a dead calm.

● If we hate the skunk's odor he hates the sickly perfume of naphtha flakes just as much. So spread 25 cents worth



of these flakes where the skunk locates and he will soon likely seek further fields to conquer. —A. J. Reynolds, Toronto.

Thanks from Great Tew

A short time ago you were kind enough to print my request for back copies of your magazine for the Youth Club of this village. Bundles of magazines came from all over Canada and I should like to thank all your readers who were good enough to pass on their old copies. We have received sufficient supplies and any which the club can spare will be passed on to local hospitals. —W. T. Hill, Great Tew, Oxford, England.

They Love Us

This is the first time I've ever written a letter to the editor, but enjoyed the last issue of Maclean's so much that I decided to write a thank-you. Each article had some special point of interest for either my husband or myself and for a change even the stories were worth reading. —Mrs. Helen M. Dobie, Fort St. John, B.C.

The Two Leslies

In "It Tells All Every Sunday" (May 15), an article about the London newspaper *News of the World*, it was stated that Leslie Sarony, of the vaudeville team of "The Leslies," had become publicity man for the newspaper. We are informed that Mr. Sarony is still in the theatrical world; the man hired was his former partner, Leslie Holmes. We gladly make this correction because we are anxious as always to prevent anyone being affected by an error. —The Editors.

A MILLION DOLLAR

SECRET !



There's a million-dollar secret behind the spectacular performance of the new AC Spark Plugs: It's **CORALOX**, AC's patented Insulator.

But there's no secret at all about the easier starting, surer firing and longer life of these new AC's with **CORALOX** Insulator.

Engineers know those facts—hence more new cars and trucks are equipped with AC's than with any other make.

More and more owners, too, are learning about these better AC's—and are buying them for improved service in their cars, trucks and tractors.

AC spent years of scientific research and development work in perfecting **CORALOX**, yet you can have its extra benefits at the price of ordinary spark plugs. Your AC Service Dealer has the new AC's now—to save you time, fuel and money.



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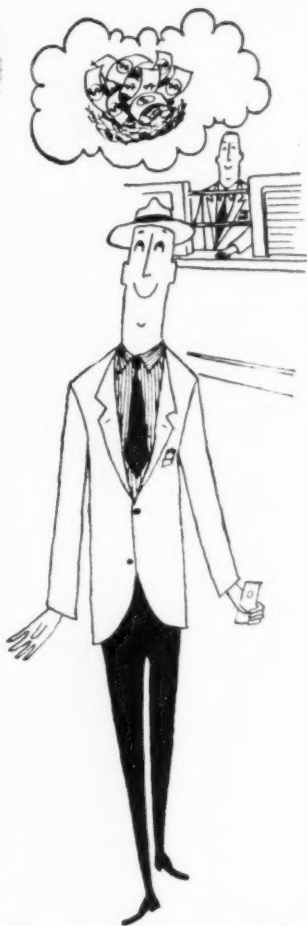
how to really get a nest egg

What's your Savings Account like? Do you really save money in it, or are you leaning a bit heavily on the old cheque-book?

Why not open a *real* Savings Account at The Bank of Nova Scotia. Tuck a few dollars into it every payday and leave it there. In a short time you'll have a sizeable nest egg for the more important things you wish to buy.

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**Lean back
AND LA-Z-BOY
LEANS BACK WITH YOU!**

Whatever your mood... whether it's reading, relaxing, or reclining... La-Z-Boy is the chair for you... and La-Z-Boy now has a revolutionary new feature—it's Duo-Spring (means double spring) to double your reclining comfort. La-Z-Boy adjusts noiselessly, stays put at just the angle you want... will hold in any position. Just lean back and La-Z-Boy leans back with you.

See La-Z-Boy with the revolutionary new Duo-Spring today

- No levers to operate
- No buttons to push
- No complicated mechanism to go out of order
- Duo-Spring construction throughout

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DE LUXE UPHOLSTERING CO. LIMITED, WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 4

report, if unanimous, would go through. Liberal members consulted not only Paul Martin but Prime Minister St. Laurent and even more important, in this context, Finance Minister Douglas Abbott. They came back with the word that "it's a deal—we've got the nod." Precisely how much authority they had for that statement is still a matter of some dispute but there's no doubt they thought they had a clear green light.

Accordingly the bargain was struck and the report was unanimous. If the pledge is not honored there will be some indignant airing of what went on behind the closed doors of that committee room.

Should the Korean conflict spread into a general conflagration, of course the situation would be different—probably even the CCF wouldn't demand pensions now. But if the crisis grows no worse in the next few months there's a fair amount of confidence here that pensions could be swung without affecting the defense budget.

So far it seems unlikely that the Treasury will need new taxes in the present fiscal year. National income is still on the rise and so are prices. The result has been a bigger tax take than the budget forecast. The Finance Department thinks there will be enough revenue, over and above the estimated surplus, to finance as much expansion in defense as we could get anyway on a volunteer basis.

If we do get a new budget this fall it's likely to be aimed more at the national economy than at federal revenues. The real problem will be not so much to raise money as to check the investment boom that's still going on. Canada can't have a war effort, or even a half-war effort, and continue to build as many houses, theatres, bowling alleys and new store fronts as we're doing now.

Also, you can't have large-scale volunteer recruiting at a time of full employment. Brutal as it sounds, the Government may find it has to take measures to reduce employment if it hopes to raise a much larger force without conscription.

Ottawa may have been pretty inept in handling Canada-U. S. relations over the Korean crisis (see Backstage, Sept. 1) but Washington wasn't very bright either. Some of the attempts at pressure were rather clumsy.

In various capitals, including Ottawa, American envoys solemnly drew the government's attention to "reports" that Pakistan intended to send a contingent of ground troops to Korea. Canada had heard the same reports and had checked up on them. When the American message was received our government already knew from our own man in Karachi that Pakistan had no such intention up to that time, anyway.

"We might send troops if India did," he was told. "Otherwise, not a chance. We need them here."

It was also suggested that Argentina might send a unit. This struck Ottawa as pretty funny. Within a matter of days Col. Peron, the Argentine president, had assured his agitated countrymen that there was no truth to this pernicious rumor.

It's interesting to recall, in the light of recent events, that Korea was the occasion of a little-known cabinet crisis

in Ottawa nearly three years ago. Louis St. Laurent, then minister of external affairs, had a difference of opinion with Prime Minister Mackenzie King so sharp that he was rumored to be threatening resignation.

The United Nations Commission on Korea was set up at the UN General Assembly in 1947. Nine nations were nominated, but the Byelorussians refused to serve; the other eight included Canada.

Canada hadn't wanted the job but the U. S. delegation insisted—"If you won't agree to serve we'll nominate you anyway," they said, "and you can get up and explain why you won't do it."

J. L. Ilsley was heading the Canadian delegation at Lake Success. St. Laurent was in Ottawa as acting prime minister while King was overseas to attend Princess Elizabeth's wedding. Ilsley and St. Laurent had to think fast, but on balance they thought Canada should accept. Canada was duly elected.

When King got home he was horrified. He hadn't liked our involvement even in the Palestine question; Korea was worse. He is said to have remarked, even then, that "if a third world war breaks out it will start in Korea."

King's faith in the United Nations was not very strong by that time. He had gone to San Francisco in 1945 with the same high hopes as everybody else, but the hope had quickly waned. By September, when Igor Gouzenko exposed the Communist spy ring in Canada, King's disillusionment was profound. Before he left for London to report the spy plot to the British Government he told a colleague, "The United Nations Charter is as dead now, after three months, as the League of Nations Covenant was after 15 years."

So when he discovered that Canada was serving on a kind of arbitration committee in Korea he raised a considerable fuss. He wanted the decision reversed.

St. Laurent flatly refused. He thought it was Canada's duty to pull her weight as a member of UN; also, he had given approval to the policy as minister of external affairs and acting prime minister and he wasn't going to repudiate his own signature. King finally had to give in.

He had his way in the end, though. The Canadian delegate, Dr. George Patterson, was appointed with strictly limited instructions. He was by far the best man on the third-rate Korea Commission but he wasn't able to do much. When the question came up again a year later, and the temporary commission was turned into a permanent one, Canada seized the opportunity to drop out. Noting that the commission had eight members and was therefore in danger of having tie votes at critical moments Canada suggested that an odd number would be more effective and withdrew. Thus, ingloriously, the incident was closed.

Oddly enough, the Korea Commission turned out to be a uniquely valuable instrument of United Nations. In personnel it never amounted to much—it used to be said of one small nation's delegate that he was appointed because nobody else in his country had a fur coat. Yet without the Korea Commission the quick action of the Security Council on June 25 and June 27 might not have been possible.

It provided the Security Council with immediate information, from the accredited agent of the UN itself, that an act of aggression had been committed. Nobody was able to suggest the customary stall: "Let's find out the facts before we do anything." They had the facts—and for the first time in the history of international organization they really did something. ★



This man leads three lives!

At first glance, you may think of your pharmacist as a *business man*. True, he is . . . and a good one, too. For his store is bright, clean, and attractive . . . stocked with a variety of merchandise to meet many of your daily needs . . . especially your needs in times of sickness.



As you take a closer look, you realize that your pharmacist is more than just a man behind a counter. There's a difference — and a



mighty important difference, too — which you sense as you watch him and listen to him. In this "close-up" view you see him as a *professional man* . . . a man of long scientific training whose broad knowledge of drugs qualifies him to serve you — and your doctor — when illness strikes.

As you get to know him better, you also find that he is a *good citizen* with the welfare of his

community at heart. You see this in his cooperation with health authorities in the fight against cancer or polio or heart disease. You see it, too, in his readiness to participate in other activities for the benefit of his community.



Get better acquainted with your pharmacist — business man, professional man, good citizen. A man you can rely on.

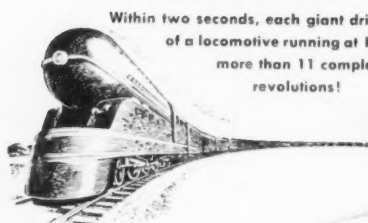
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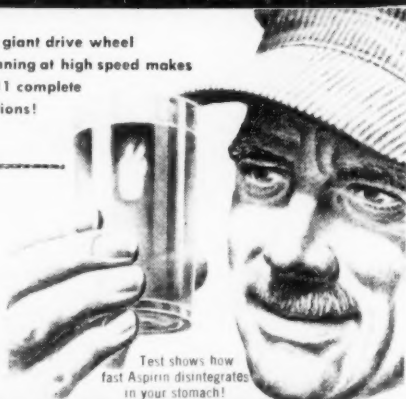
Parke, Davis & Company are makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists. Since 1866, the company has been engaged continuously in a broad, active program of research, keeping pace with the constant changes and progress in medicine and surgery. Among the more than 1400 products bearing the world-famous Parke-Davis label are Antibiotics, Antiseptics, Biologicals, Chemotherapeutic Agents, Endocrines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Surgical Dressings, and Vitamin Products.

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And as this glass-of-water test proves, within two seconds after you take Aspirin, it goes to work, to bring you



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The reason for astonishing speed of action of ASPIRIN is shown in the picture above. ASPIRIN dissolves or disintegrates in your stomach in two seconds to start relieving your pain amazingly fast!

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Economy bottle of 24 . . . 29c
Family size of 100 . . . 79c

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Polish off dirty scuffy shoes with Nugget . . . give them a big, bright shine that lasts all day. Nugget Shoe Polish keeps all leathers in tip-top condition . . . makes shoes last longer.

OX-BLOOD, BLACK, WHITE, AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN

DID YOU "NUGGET" YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

WIT AND WISDOM



Or Limburger—Lectures on neatness are lost on our young who have learned that if it were not for his untidiness in leaving messes around, the man wouldn't have discovered penicillin. —*Calgary Herald*.

No Free Dinner Sets, Though—Some American dealers have been giving away free popcorn poppers with television sets. The threat to the movies now becomes really serious. —*Edmonton Journal*.

Good Reason—The reason the average person worries so much about the way the world is being run is that he thinks it is being run by persons who don't know any more about running it than he does. —*Kitchener-Waterloo Record*.

Washington, D.C. (Don't Care)—Commissioners of the District of Columbia, running a referendum on Daylight Saving Time, have added a new gimmick to the ballot. Besides the usual spaces for a voter to put his "X" to indicate "Yes" or "No," the ballot has a square marked "Don't Care." —*St. Catharines Standard*.

Hic Labor Est—The latest union weapon is a series of work stoppages of 10 minutes each; this is called "a hiccup strike." The best cure for hiccups is a sudden fright, such as might be caused by hiccuping payroll. —*Peterborough Examiner*.

How Many Times a Day? A doctor says a kiss often destroys germs. Sounds like the death knell of the sulfa industry. —*Brandon Sun*.

No De-fender—A woman driver is a person who drives the same way a man does—only she gets blamed for it. —*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

Overdone Toast—"I am reminded by the toastmaster's remarks," said the speaker of the evening after the tedious introduction, "of the remarks of many other toastmasters." —*Niagara Falls Review*.

Fact Is—The trouble with so much of this science fiction is that the science is fiction and the fiction isn't. —*Toronto Star*.

Put Another Nickel In—A house, says a "modern" architect, is not a home but "a machine for living." Now how would that go to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home"? —*Edmonton Journal*.

Ivory Tower vs. Fleshpot—The advantage of a classical education is that it enables you to despise the wealth which it prevents you from achieving. —*St. Catharines Standard*.

Saves Time, Though—It's okay to work eight hours and sleep eight hours—but don't pick the same eight. —*Calgary Albertan*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



MAITLAND

"We're going out
—but the furnace won't!"



You'll love

TIMKEN *Silent Automatic* OIL HEAT, too!



New in Canada—"DUTY DESIGNED"
OIL BOILERS are built specifically to provide
all the benefits of modern oil heat—plus auto-
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OIL CONVERSION BURNERS with the
famous wall-flame, ready for immediate installa-
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save up to 25% or more on ordinary fuel costs.



New in Canada—COMPACT OIL HI-
FURNACES, specifically designed for small
homes, bring to owners the full benefits of complete
winter air-conditioning without a cost premium.

**Here's The BIG "Better Living" Value
For YOUR Home Improvement Dollar!**

When you come right down to it, the *great-
est* lift to better living is peace of mind!
It's one big reason hundreds of thousands
of owners are so happy with Timken Silent
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This quality equipment takes over *all* your
heating worries. Leave the house when you
wish—stay as long as you like. You'll return
to find it just as warm and comfortable as
when you left. Day or night, whether you're

at home or away, you can *depend* on Timken
Silent Automatic Oil Heat!

A full quarter-century of research, engineer-
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reliable, most efficient, *most economical* auto-
matic heating equipment money can buy.
Find your nearest Timken Silent Automatic
Authorized Dealer in the "yellow pages"—
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25 YEARS OF LEADERSHIP 1925 1950

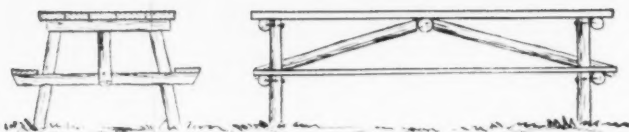
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TIMKEN SILENT AUTOMATIC DIVISION
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Around the Home ...

RUSTIC TABLE

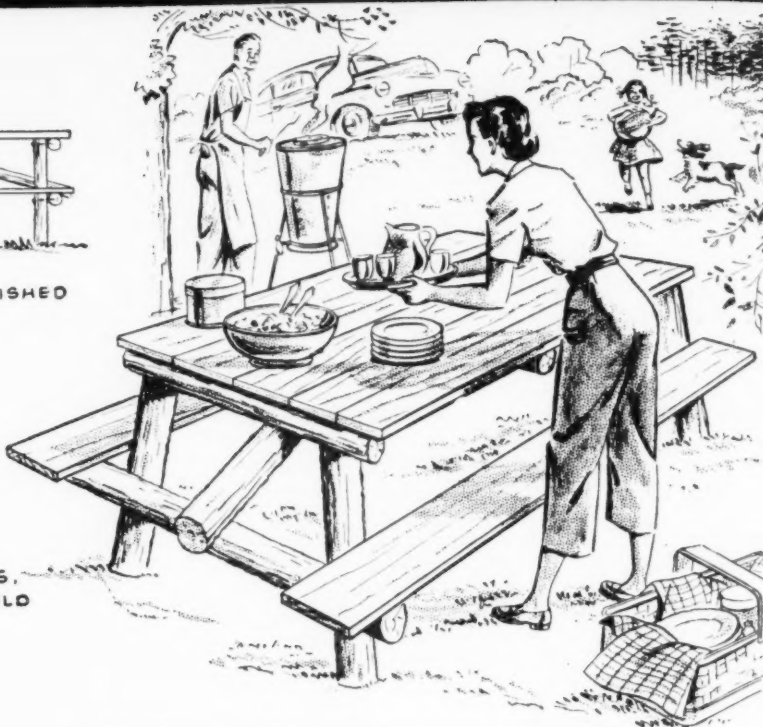
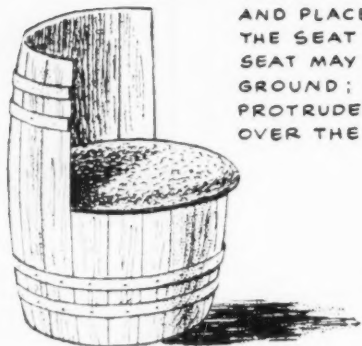


CEDAR OR PINE LOGS - WITH BARK OR VARNISHED
... DRESSED PINE FOR THE TABLE SURFACE.

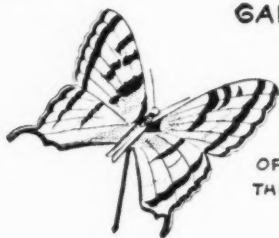


ROLL OUT THE BARREL.

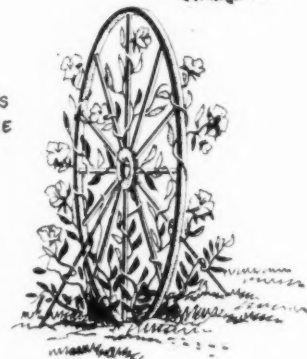
CLEAN BARREL THOROUGHLY.
SANDPAPER THE SIDES
TO REMOVE DIRT AND
SLIVERS ...
CUT OUT HALF THE STAVES,
AND PLACE CLEATS TO HOLD
THE SEAT IN PLACE.
SEAT MAY BE 16" FROM
GROUND; FRONT TO
PROTRUDE TWO INCHES
OVER THE EDGE.



GARDEN ORNAMENTS... BUTTERFLY

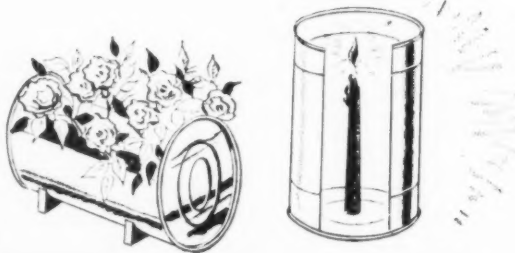


WINGS OF 3/4" PLYWOOD, BODY IS
A CLOTHES PEG, ANTENNAE OF WIRE
(COLOUR AND MOUNT ON STAKE
OF 1/4" ROD AND PLACE NEAR
THE PERENNIAL BORDER).



LIGHT BUGGY WHEEL AS TRELLIS FOR CLIMBERS

THE ABUSED TIN CAN
MAKES A FINE CONTAINER
FOR SMALL PLANTS... OR A GOOD CANDLE HOLDER.



TOM GARD'S NOTE BOOK

HIGHLIGHT of a recent picnic trip with the family was discovering a rustic table I could copy. Am building one in front of our barbecue.

Was very intrigued by the "barrel chairs" a friend made. They were easily constructed. He'd also used an old buggy wheel as an excellent trellis for climbers. It can be placed against the wall under a window or propped upright by itself.

Have decided to brush up on my tin-can craft. No hobby is easier to master, nor the equipment more easily found.

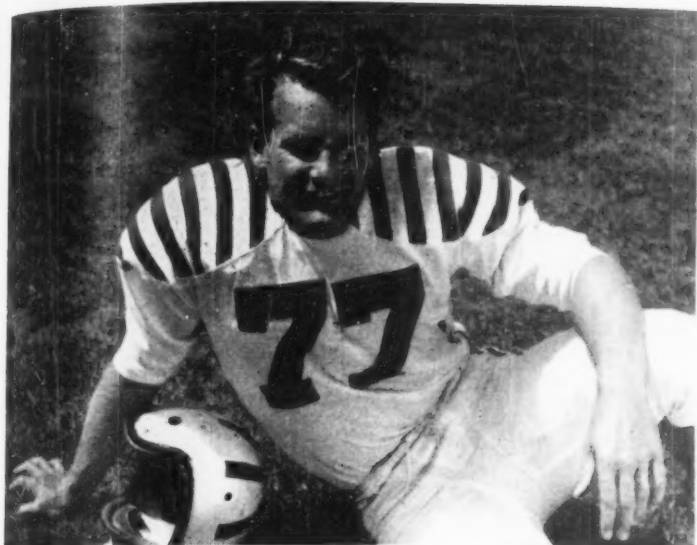
Properly chosen and placed, ornaments can add much to garden beauty—especially if they are out of the ordinary—a carboy, sundial or painted butterfly. An example of the latter is shown.

For more information on these and many other ideas—write Tom Gard, Dept. P, Molson's Brewery Limited, P.O. Box 1600, Place d'Armes, Montreal, for the illustrated booklet "Around The Home".

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ROYAL COPELAND sits for a cover at Varsity Stadium in an invader's uniform. If his boss has luck he should be back on the same ground at Grey Cup time.

In the Editors' Confidence

IT WAS a warm sunny day last summer when Ken Bell met Royal Copeland in deserted Varsity Stadium in Toronto to take the color picture on our cover. This suited Royal fine because he likes the sun.

That's one of the reasons why he goes to Los Angeles every year as soon as his football chores are done in Canada. As a matter of fact, on rainy days in Toronto where he starred in the backfield of the Argos for the last six years, he went down to the YMCA and lay under the sun lamps. Last winter not even LA was sunny enough and he went farther south.

Royal was born in North Bay, Ont., 26 years ago. He played high-school rugby in Toronto, did a hitch in the Navy team's backfield during the war, and went on to the Argonauts as a halfback where he has made many touchdowns and a reputation as the greatest Canadian halfback now playing Canadian football. Not everyone goes along with this judgment of his talents but Tom Brook and Les Lear, of the Calgary Stampeders, shared the view to the extent that they hired him away from the Argonauts at a reported \$10,000 a season to play for them.

That's his new Calgary uniform he's wearing in the cover picture and above. It was sent from Calgary to Toronto to arrive at the same time Royal checked in from the coast by car. We had to change the number from 70 to Royal's favorite 77; also the number of Red Grange, another good halfback, south of here.

Ted Reeve picked Royal on Maclean's All-Star team last year and he was awarded the Jeff Russell Memorial Trophy by his league for being the best.

If Lear's plans work out (see Jim

Coleman's story on page 14) Copeland will be back at Varsity Stadium with the same uniform and probably not so much sun, later this fall. Along about Grey Cup time.

● Fred Bodsworth, who writes about fliers with guns on page 22 ("The Menace of the Flying Hunter"), would much rather spend his time among fliers with feathers. For Fred, as you probably have heard, is the birdwatcher who saw a harlequin duck in the Toronto waterfront last winter. Since this was the first of the species seen in more than 10 years his discovery created a bigger stir than a perfect cribbage hand at a Legion smoker.

Bodsworth, a mild-mannered thoughtful man who talks with a measured drawl, resents the suggestion that there is anything odd about a hobby that drives a man from his bed early in the morning to crawl through swamps and underbrush with a pair of binoculars hanging against his burr-matted chest.

"After all you might be lucky enough to spot a Blackburnian warbler," says Bodsworth.

He has often spent the night in the open to be on the job watching at first light. He has been bitten by mosquitoes (many times), almost stepped on by a cow (only once), and has waded through swamps up to his armpits.

He counts these hardships as nothing—well, almost nothing—beside his latest achievement. He has found a hooded warbler's nest. "This, in case you don't know," said Bodsworth, knowing very well we had never suspected it, "was the first time one of the bird's nests had been found in Canada. This rates among bird-watchers about as high as a hole-in-one would among golfers."

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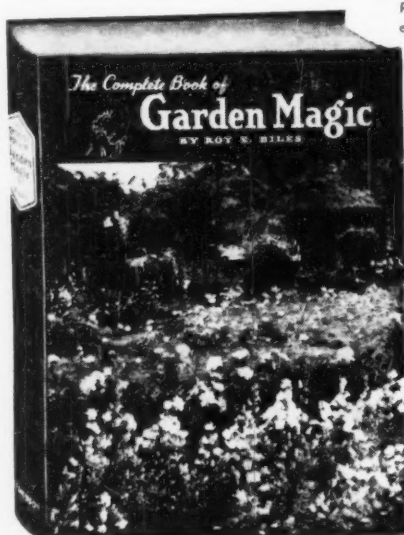
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

AS THE LAST TOURISTS beat southward along the summer migration routes the little northern towns stretch and yawn before pulling up the covers for their long winter sleep. Which recalls the experience of a winter traveler in Northern Ontario who pulled into Smooth Rock Falls sharp at noon and parked his car before the largest restaurant sign in sight. He almost burst right through the door before he realized it wasn't just stuck, it was locked; then, thinking the latch had slipped, he knocked impatiently.

"If you don't let me go to church I'll nail you to the wall."

• • •

An enterprising taxi driver in St. John's capitalizes on one of those rare bits of Newfoundland jargon which he quotes on his business card below his telephone number: "Stay where you're to and I'll come where you're at."

• • •

If there's a self-serve store in your town you've watched and admired the smooth teamwork of those husbands and wives who seem to excel in the grocerteria sprints. The little woman plucks the needed items from the shelves and tosses them over her shoulder into the bundle buggy that hubby keeps right at her heels.

A scout who just fought his way alive out of the Saturday morning jam session in the Safeway store in Chilliwack, B.C., reports the stunned disbelief on the face of one woman who rounded a corner from tinned goods to fresh vegetables and found herself face to face with the lawfully wedded mate who was supposed to be following her. Then she looked around to find a totally strange buggy pusher trundling her collection of groceries off in another direction, still blissfully unaware that somewhere both teams must have hit an open switch.

• • •

When a little girl from East York, a Toronto suburb, was bitten by a dog recently her mother promptly called police. The cop must have been a dog lover and was obviously suspicious of small children for he



With a rattle the door opened and a brusque voice declared, "We're closed for lunch. Try across the street."

• • •

Things should be getting back to normal soon for folks in Chipman, N.B., too, where summer-long confusion resulted from the fact that an important mill in town stubbornly persisted in operating according to standard time although the citizens in general had voted for daylight saving. We've heard about one housewife who preserved her sanity by the inspired purchase of a second kitchen clock. She keeps one clock on slow time and thanks to it manages to get her husband off to work at 7 a.m. standard. Then she turns it face to the wall and goes by the other clock, set to fast time, until daughter is safely off to school at 9 daylight. That clock keeps her on schedule right through the noon hour, because fortunately only daughter comes home for lunch. After that she switches clocks again to make sure father gets his dinner when his stomach says its dinnertime.

• • •

Our faithful Ottawa agent, his finger ever hot on the national pulse, reports a significant upsurge of religious feeling among the younger generation. Hustling out of his rooming house the other morning he overheard the landlady's six-year-old son muttering to no one in particular,



acted quite sceptical about the whole thing. He suggested the little girl had done something to annoy the dog, but this was denied. He eyed the little girl's little brother and charged that probably junior had annoyed the poor dog. Accusation hotly denied.

Finally, and with evident reluctance, the constable marched up the dog-owner's steps and knocked heavily on the door. The door opened and before you could say SPCA the dog ran out and bit the cop. Case closed.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Accident looking for a place to happen

On roads like this, an accident can happen any time. Some impatient driver is going to pull out of line and try to pass. Chances are he himself won't get hurt, but he'll crowd someone else into the ditch. If crumpled fenders are the only damage, everybody will be lucky.

Narrow, out-of-date highways and bigger, faster cars and trucks—hundreds of thousands more than before the war—have combined to make driving one of our most hazardous occupations.

At the present rate, almost one out of every five Canadian babies born this year is destined to be killed or injured in an automobile accident.

That's not all. It adds to our children. If you don't like to take any chances you can do about it. The federal, provincial and municipal governments are going to build safe and modern highways.

cost money. But make sure that your tax dollars are wisely spent to give you full value.

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